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VOLUME LXII. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1894. NUMBER 10.

Poetry.

THE SNOW ELVES.

Through the frost air, keen and riven,
Through the chill expanse of heaven,
Eastward slanted, blown and driven,
Winging fast;
Falling fleece like, folding ever
Face of hamlet, field an driver,
Wrapping icy buds that shiver
From the blast.
Come the snow elves everywhere,
Children of the icy air.

From air caves that south winds shun,
Frozen chambers of the sun,
Where ghost breezes chill and run,
Sting and blow;
In the phantom morning light,
In the midday, still and white,
In the silent dead of night,
Wheeling low,
Sinking, soughing ever down,
Drive the snow elves through the town.

Where the haggard maples stand
On the edge of some lone land,
Moaning in a desolate band,
Mossed and gray;
Where the swollen river's breast
Hides in ice its black unrest,
Hurrying in maddened quest,
Night and day;
Come the snow elves mantling deep
Wood and stream in muffled sleep.

Ever, ever folding down,
In a dream, wood, field and town,
Naked fences, tree boles brown,
Branches bare;
Through the frost air keen and riven,
Through the chill expanse of heaven,
Earthward slanted, blown and driven,
Everywhere,
Mantling, muffling earth below,
Comes the white elves of the snow.
—William Wilfred Campbell, in Youth's Companion.

THE "SHADOW BABY."

"What is it, baby Kathie, wid your eyes
o' Irish blue,
Tuggin' away at me hand, to tag along
o' you?
Somethin' follows you roun'—oh yes, there
it is; I see
A black, black shadow baby, cunning as
cunning can be!
Come, we will catch it—'t is running
away—
Now we have got it, and here it shall
stay!

"Sure it is lost now, or hidin' somewhere—
There I just see it behind that old
chair;
'T is here on the wall; 't is here on
the floor!
What is it, baby Kathie, wid your eyes o'
Irish blue;
Cryin', baby Kathie?—sure the shadow 's
cryin' too!

"Poor shadow baby, widout any name—
Hoo, wipe up your eyes, 't is doin' the
same.
Dance away, Kathie, on heel an' on
toe,
Whigl on your twinkle feet, faster an'
slow;
Gay little shadow, as gay as can be,
Gay little shadow, dancin' wid thee;
What is it, baby Kathie, wid your eyes o'
Irish blue;
Laughin', baby Kathie?—sure th' shadow
's laughin' too!"
—Jennie B. T. Dowe, in Century.

HIS VALENTINE.

(She'll expect a valentine
He, to write it—well—here goes!
Let me think.) Oh, maiden mine,
If I should to you propose—
No—hold on—that's too like prose.)

This may better be. Sweet Kate,
Could I to your fancy climb
As—a monkey scales a gate—
(That won't do—it's not sublime,
And I'm wandering for a rhyme.)

I might breathe a poet's lay
And pour forth my passion thus—
(Well, why don't you? she may say
Oh, great Caesar! this is "wuss"
Than the task of Sisyphus!)

Fairest Kate, the rose is red—
(Poets sometimes steal a line)
And the pink is sweet. (I'm dead!
E'er I'm buried, let me sign,
Seal and send my Valentine.)
MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

Miscellany.

GET THEIR CONFIDENCE.

That Is the Secret of the Business—Don't Lie.

When the Wanamaker style of advertising originated, there came nearer to being a revolution in the art—such as it then was—than is likely to occur again. The secret of the success of this method is the personal, confidential, self-revealing talk to the desired customer. The nearer the advertiser can get to a confidence-breeding talk with the prospective customer the better.

The Barnum method of superlatives and exaggeration has had its day and its myriads of victims, but it is losing its force. It is more adapted to a show than a shop. The main thing to reach for in advertising anything is confidence.

When one advertises, undoubtedly he wants a customer. What is the best way to get him? Certainly to make him believe in the advertiser and his goods—the honesty of the article—the honesty of the advertiser. When that is done the battle is won. But "confidence is a plant of slow growth," and the soil must be cultivated over and over again. Hence, be frank; tell your public honestly about your goods. Be persistent; tell them over and over again. Educate them to a belief in you and your article. Iterate and reiterate, but do not lie.—Joseph Auld in Fame.

A Snake Story.

Said a well-known reconteur of snake stories the other day to an editor, by way of a wind-up to several good ones:

"I can't call any more to mind just at present. My wife knows a lot of snake stories, but I forget 'em. By the way, though, I've got a reglar living curiosity down on my place. One day my eldest boy was sitting on the back stoop doing his sums, and he couldn't get 'em right. He felt something against his face, and there was a little snake curled up on his shoulder and looking at the slate. In four minutes he had done all those sums. We've tamed him, so he keeps all our accounts, and he is the quickest head at figures you ever saw. He'll run up a column eight feet long in three seconds. I wouldn't take a prize cow for him."

"What kind of a snake is he?" inquired the editor curiously.

"The neighbors call him an adder."

"Oh, yes, yes!" said the editor, a little disconcerted. "I've heard of the species."—Pall Mall Budget.

King of the Sikhs.

The Maharajah of Patiala, King of the Sikhs, has promised to visit England next season. He is a handsome man, 22 years of age, dark skinned, with a black mustache and scanty beard. As a scholar the Maharajah is thought a great deal of, and, far more important in the eyes of an Englishman, he is one of the pluckiest sportsmen in India, which is saying a good deal. His highness is a celebrated polo player, and his racing stable is the biggest and best in the country. He is a very good cross-country rider, and has won numbers of races on his own horses. However, he never bets himself, and the winnings are distributed among those who are employed in and about his stables.

An Urgent Call.

She—One of the legs of our sofa is broken. Will you come around right away and fix it?

Carpenter—I'm very busy just now, miss. Won't to-morrow do?

She—Oh, dear, no! It must be ready by 7:30 this evening.—Life.

Girl Friends.

"I hope you don't think me an absolute slave to fashion."

"Yes, I do. But it's all right; your dressmaker is an abolitionist, it seems."—Puck.

False But Fair.

Clara—What a beautiful complexion you have!

Maude (much pleased)—Do you think so?

Clara (emphatically)—Yes, indeed. It's so natural.—Truth.

The Part He Played.

Sententious Old Lady—And what part do you play in the great drama of life?

Ragsley—Walkin' gentleman.—Puck.

A WOODCHOPPER'S CURIOUS FIND.

Part of a Squirrel Protruding From a Tree and Frozen Stiff.

Scientists and hunters in the vicinity of Galesburg, Ills., have been more or less puzzled over a queer find made by a woodchopper in the timber north of town. After cutting down a tree the chopper

was surprised to find the head of a large gray squirrel protruding from a hole. The animal had been dead for some time, as the body was frozen stiff. The woodchopper cut the tree into such lengths that the squirrel was left in a piece about 18 inches long, and then by carefully splitting he retained the squirrel as indicated in the engravings.

The scientists have been busy trying to unravel the mystery of the case. One who professes to be cognizant of the squirrel habits says that the rodent entered the hollow tree by means of the hole at its base. This hole afterward became filled with snow and ice, and there being no other hole the squirrel was a prisoner. Then the animal set about cutting its way out, and succeeded in making a hole large enough to admit the passage through of the head and front feet, but not large enough to let the hind parts to go through. The squirrel was eager to escape, plunged through the hole, and was caught fast in it. The claw marks on the bark and inside show a desperate struggle. But the hole was so small that the animal could neither move forward nor backward, and so just hung there until death came to its release.

Old hunters say it is the first case of the kind that has come to their knowledge. There were no marks on the squirrel to indicate a violent death.

TWO WESTERN MILLIONAIRES.

Incidents Regarding P. D. Armour and Marshall Field.

Probably the richest two men in Chicago are Philip D. Armour and Marshall Field. Mr. Armour has always been noted as one of the hardest worked men in town, says the Philadelphia Press. It used to be said of him that no one ever saw him get to his desk in the morning except the night watchman. Within two or three years he has been relaxing somewhat of the discipline that he has so long placed upon himself, and now he seldom gets to the office before 7 o'clock in the morning—early for the rest of humanity, but late for him.

To the public Mr. Armour is known largely by reason of his big gifts, such, for instance, as his donation of a million and a half of dollars to create the Armour institute. His benevolence, however, extends in very many directions. His small private charities are almost legion. Every morning of his life by his direction $100 is placed on his desk in currency. This sum he gives away during the day to applicants for relief. He never gives a penny to a person whose case has not been personally investigated by one of his agents, unless, perhaps, the applicant brings a personal letter from some one well known to Mr. Armour.

Nearly every worthy charitable enterprise in Chicago has his name upon its list of leading subscribers. Any new charity which is started is usually laid first before either Marshall Field or Mr. Armour, for only does the latter give liberally himself, but he influences other men to give.

An instance of this may be cited. Within a few days a well known citizen laid the subscription book of a new charitable enterprise before Mr. Armour. He was asked to head the subscription. He did so in this way. Upon the second line he put his name down for $1,000, leaving the first line vacant. Then, turning to his visitor, he remarked quaintly, "You'd better go to Field next and tell him I left the front row there for him."

The caller went at once to Mr. Field and showed him the book. "Mr. Armour wanted me to tell you, Mr. Field," he said, "that he left the first line vacant for you."

"H-m-m," said Mr. Field, thoughtfully, as he put his name down for a thousand, "Armour is costing me a lot these days."

Posthumous Piety.

She—You were unjust to old Mr. Scruggs.

He—How?

She—You always said it would pain him to think he'd done any good with his wealth, but I see he's left a valuable legacy to a public institution.

He—Well, I heard he did leave his picture gallery to the blind asylum.—Judge.

Moses Up to Date.

Imp—Well, did you get into the Garden of Eden?

Satan—Yes; I took the form of a serpent and finished up the business in short order.

Imp—How did you induce the woman to risk everlasting torment for just one mean little apple?

Satan—I told her it was good for the complexion.—Life.

A Husband's Rebuke.

"How do I look?" said Dr. Kallowmell to his young wife as he exhibited his new suit.

"Dressed to kill!" she exclaimed, enthusiastically.

"My dear," replied her husband, gently, "you shouldn't talk shop."—Judge.

In the Business.

Tommie—Eh! Mr. Snodkins, gi' me 10 cents. I saw you kiss sister.

Mr. Snodkins—Well—ah—here's a quarter, but be sure you don't tell.

Tommie—That's all right. I'm used to keeping it quiet. That's $5 I've earned this week.—Harper's Weekly.

An Unappreciated Hymn.

Brown—Did the christening of the twins go off all right?

Mr. Poppeigh—Yes; but I didn't like the hymn the choir sang.

Brown—What did they sing?

Mr. Poppeigh—Still there's more to follow.—Puck.

CLANDESTINE SCHOOLS.

How the Negroes Were Taught in the South Before the War.

Perhaps it may be well to call attention to and explain the astonishing fact that after the war there could be found a few, or, rather, for that early period, so many colored men and women capable of beginning the school work even at the A B C point, says the Bulletin of Atlanta University.

This was due to many influences, open and secret. Among the favoring influences first was the fact that many humane masters taught their slaves, and others winked at the violation of the law which forbade the teaching of slaves and permitted their children to instruct a favorite slave to read and sometimes to write. Men now high in authority in educational matters taught their slaves to read and write, rendering themselves liable to be punished as violators of the law on the statute book. The Christian instruction of slaves was encouraged and directed by many Christian bodies. Indeed, in the act permitting the instruction of slaves, Christian training was enjoined upon the slave masters. The Rev. C. C. Jones, father of the late Historian Jones, and the Rev. Josiah Law, both among the most distinguished ministers of the state, were engaged to devote their time to this work.

Again, it is known that when negro slavery, at first prohibited, was finally introduced into Georgia, in 1749, many of these slaves came from South Carolina. As in 1744, a negro school was opened in Charleston, it may be inferred that some of these slaves must have brought with them to Georgia some knowledge of reading and writing. The Charleston school was still in a flourishing condition in 1752, and was taught by an educated negro, likely from England. Although it was for free negroes only, many slaves who even then hired their time, sent their children to this school. In time other schools were opened, and a number of colored persons from Savannah and Augusta, Ga., sent their children to Charleston to be taught.

According to tradition some of these students returned and opened schools in Savannah and in Augusta. No one, however, was lawfully permitted to give book instruction in any one of the three R's. Whatever was done in this way was done clandestinely, and, if discovered, was sure to get its author into trouble. There were, nevertheless, many schools kept clandestinely in Augusta and in Savannah. Another class of teachers were the poor whites, who eked out a miserable living by clandestinely teaching free negroes and slaves. Some of them might well be denominated, not "old field schools," but "old chip schools." When some aged, impecunious white lady would agree to teach the children of such slaves as had hired their time, the children were said to go to her house to "pick up chips." They were busily engaged in this work when an officer was likely to be around.

The most noted of these clandestine schools for colored children was taught by a colored man in Savannah. It was opened in 1818 or 1819 by a colored Frenchman named Julian Froumontaine, from San Domingo. Up to 1829 this school was taught openly, for before that date the laws of Georgia did not forbid the teaching of a free person of color. In referring to this prohibitory law, in justice it ought to be admitted that the requirements of the "institutions of slavery" were such that it would have been unwise to undertake to maintain the system of slavery and run the risk of having the slaves read such literature as began then to be circulated by the Abolitionists. It is proper, also, to add that many slaveholders did not share this fear, and were willing in the face of slavery, to give their slaves elementary teaching in reading and writing.

After December 22, 1829, it was made a penal offense to teach a negro or free person of color to read or write. Hence from that time all negro schools were clandestine. Froumontaine's school, however, flourished under him for more than fifteen years. It laid the foundation of the educational work among the colored people of Georgia. Several of his pupils clandestinely taught school to the beginning of the war.

NOW COMES THE PANNIER.

Revival of the Old-Time Fashion in Modified Form.

Only the stateliest, slenderest sort of a beauty should attempt to wear this dress. A little woman would be ridiculous in all the yards of stiff brocade and satin. It would be painful to see a plump woman in panniers. But for just the properly built woman the frock is undoubtedly beautiful.

The petticoat, of white satin, is veiled in front with white tulle, all

a-glitter with seed-pearl and gold embroidery. The low-necked bodice is of pale yellow, brocaded in big, shimmering white blossoms. In front the bodice is cut off just below the waist line. On the sides the long lengths of brocade are folded back to form old-fashioned panniers over the hips, and in the back the brocade forms a train. The bodice has a narrow vest of white satin overlaid with embroidered tulle, and tulle and satin are mixed in a marvelous way with the brocade puffs that form the sleeves.

The Time for Action.

"Am I gaining ground?" To the girl at his side
He shyly spoke, as they sat there alone.
"I can hardly say that," she gently replied,
"You don't even try to—hold your own!"
—Puck.

No Escape for Him.

Richard—That young widow is a charming woman!

Howard—I don't think so.

Richard—Well, my dear fellow, it's high time for you to think so. She told me she was going to marry you.—Truth.

Practical.

"It is a great pity," said the girl who is popular, "that young men won't arrange their visits on the short and sweet plan."

"What is that?" asked the other girl.

"Go home early and leave a box of candy."—Life.

Interiors.

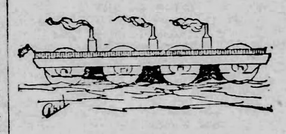
She (looking around the room)—What lovely interior decorations!

He (looking over the table)—Delightful, I am sure!—Detroit Free Press.

A STEAMSHIP ON ROLLERS.

A New Scheme for Crossing the Atlantic in Four Days.

Cassier's Magazine presents a new system of ocean transportation which has reached this country from France and which has M. Bazin, not unknown in engineering circles, for its author. M. Bazin proposes, in brief, to build an Atlantic liner on eight rollers with the view of securing speed much higher than any thus far attained, arguing that the wheels or rollers on which the vessel is to rest will so greatly diminish the resistance offered by the



waves that 30 knots an hour will be easily within the bounds of possibility and will enable the passage from Southampton or Liverpool to New York to be made in four days. The rollers are to enter the water to a depth of about 26 feet and revolve within a platform placed about 24 feet above the water, so that there will be a rolling instead of a gliding body as is the case in ordinary ships. The rollers presumably are to be worked by engines to secure propulsion. M. Bazin claims to have settled by experiment that the stability of the roller type of vessel is at least as great as that of the ordinary type, and believes that the construction of his design of ship will be much less costly than that of the usual description. According to French report, it is proposed to put M. Bazin's plans to a practical test by constructing a vessel about 400,000 feet long and of about 90-foot beam, with rollers 75 feet in diameter and 35 feet wide. The latter are to make 22 revolutions per minute.

IN CEYLON AND INDIA.

Annie Besant Arouses Great Enthusiasm in the Far East.

The following paragraphs taken from the current Lucifer describing Mrs. Besant's arrival and work in Ceylon and India will be interesting to those who have heard this gifted woman speak, and know the power of logic and eloquence. Her last visit here, when Lotus hall was dedicated, was made while on her way to take ship for the Orient:

"On landing at Colombo crowds were lining the streets, standing before every door, with many well be denominated, not 'old field schools,' but 'old chip schools.' When some aged, impecunious white lady would agree to teach the children of such slaves as had hired their time, the children were said to go to her house to "pick up chips." They were busily engaged in this work when an officer was likely to be around.

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—Puck.

Preparations Complete.

Tuff Mugs—Got de jimmies?

Barfly Bowes—Yep.

"And de dinnymite?"

"Yep. And de dark lantern."

"Sent dat note to de ward boss to have our pardon ready for us if we gits pinched?"

"Yes."

"Well, come along, den. I guess everything's ready.—Indianapolis Journal.

She Did Not Fill the Bill.

Ecstatic Young Man (to dark brunette)—How I could love you, Miss Fanny—if—May I confess to you?

Brunette (blushing)—What is it?

Ecstatic Young Man—I could love you, Miss Fanny, with all my heart if you only had blue eyes and blonde hair.—Texas Siftings.

Art is Long.

The Ignorant Husband—What, a hundred and twenty-five dollars for that hat! Why, there's nothing in it but a two-dollar frame, a two-dollar feather and a dollar's worth of velvet!

The Intelligent Wife—And a hundred and twenty dollars' worth of style.—Truth.

Female Friendship.

Maud—The photographer has not done you justice, dear.

Marie—How nice of you to say so, dearest.

Maud—No; he has shown more mercy than justice.—Puck.

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A FAIR VIRGINIAN.

A TALE OF THE FIRST BULL RUN.

By DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER XXVI.—(Continued).

Miss Maxwell bowed. "I will meet you there in the course of an hour. Wait for me."

"I am not likely to leave before you call."

Then observing the surprise in Mr. Graham's face she added, "While I have not fully decided upon any plan, I can find plenty to do in the hospitals here, Mr. Graham. If I knew my brother was safe, I would remain in a hospital all the time. I think every woman who can do so should render all the aid in their power in times like these."

She smilingly bade them good day, and left the room. Mr. Graham looked after her, then turned to his companion.

"That girl is worth her weight in diamonds, Moorhead. She makes me blush."

"She makes us all blush. There is more sound common sense, more practical sense—that's the word—in Nell Maxwell's head than I have found in whole committees—whole committees, sir, Graham," said the general warming as he continued, "that is one of the most courageous woman to be found in the country. What I like most about her, she is so genuine. There is not a false atom in her—not an atom."

"With that face she must be very popular."

"Popular doesn't express it. Her friends are legion—legion. That's strange, too, considering her extraordinary courage. She never compromises with evil."

"I can explain that," said Graham. "She has brains to begin with, and possesses rare tact."

"That accounts for it, I suppose. Now, about this scheme of her's. She is bent upon crossing the lines. She says she will not rest until she has proof that her brother is dead. She thinks he is living. Although she does not tell me, I know that she thinks the bond between them is so close that if her brother were dead something would tell her. She keeps up wonderfully—as you see. Whatever she does when she is alone—I think her outbursts are terrific, too—no one is any the wiser. You are a man of resources, Graham. Try and think of some such plan as you suggest."

"I was going to suggest a survey of the hospitals. If there were some one of sufficient importance to warrant it, some one in a condition warranting removal, that she could take charge of—"

"Thanks for the suggestion. That is practicable, I will tell her. I like the idea. Thanks, Graham. I must go now."

"By the way—one moment, general. I did not catch the name of the prisoner who addressed Governor Curtin."

"It is an ugly affair. You must know the man—its Lacy Norton."

Then as Graham started, holding up a hand in a deprecating manner, looking anxiously at the general, the latter added, "I see you know something about him."

"Lacy Norton! In prison!"

"What do you know of him?" The general's tone and manner suddenly became business like. He was looking at Graham with bent brow.

"More than I can tell you in two or five minutes. Why, general, if he is a traitor, you are a traitor—I am a traitor—we are all traitors. No man in Washington has given more or stronger proof of his devotion than Norton."

The general's brows gathered lower they were corrugated when he spoke. "I am afraid this is a bad business, Graham. It must be when you are ignorant of the truth."

"I know all the circumstances attending Norton's separation from his former friends and associates. I am familiar with the history of the family. Have you learned what he is charged with?"

"I have only had a few minutes talk with Governor Curtin, who informed me that he is suspected of communicating with the enemy."

"The charge is absurd," said Graham, "utterly absurd."

"It is alleged that he has been seen going out of and entering the lines without permission."

"The proof—what are the charges based on?"

"The proof seemed to be overwhelming. It was deemed sufficient to warrant prompt action. It is said a number of witnesses whose standing will not be disputed are prepared to testify against him."

"They are mistaken. I would not believe it of Norton if an angel from heaven testified," said Graham hotly. "If he is given opportunity, I'll venture to say that he will demonstrate his innocence speedily."

"You may be sure the opportunity will not be delayed now that Governor Curtin has it in hand. Any information you may possess that will assist the governor in his efforts, I suppose is at his service."

"I will call upon Governor Curtin immediately, or just as soon as I can make time," said Graham. "I feel that there is something unusual in this case. It is the greatest surprise I have ever experienced, general."

With this parting speech they separated at the entrance of Mr. Graham's residence, where the general and Miss Maxwell had accepted an invitation to luncheon. The host wended his way slowly to his office, while the representative repaired to a committee room in the Capitol.

Half an hour later on the same day Lacy Norton was unexpectedly summoned before a military court. Upon entering the apartment occupied by the court, Norton felt that every eye there was fixed upon him.

As he swept the room with a glance, he noted one head there that towered above the others. Norton's eyes rested upon this man, who suddenly rose and passing several persons occupying seats interveting, walked up to the prisoner quickly with his hand stretched out. The hand that grasped Norton's clasped it warmly; there was a fervent pressure that was more eloquent than words; then Governor Curtin, whose action was regarded with surprise, returned to his seat near the judge advocate.

Norton had time to observe his brigade commander and half a dozen officers of the line before he was addressed, but he did not manifest by word, look or sign the slightest recognition of his former associates.

It is not necessary to burden this story with the verbiage inseparable from all civil and military indictments. Suffice it to say that Lacy Norton listened like one in a dream to the preamble and specifications charging him with communicating with the enemy. As the specifications declared in the most positive language that Captain Norton was seen passing out of and re-entering the federal lines at a time when his actions were susceptible of but one interpretation, namely, that he was corresponding with the enemy, he was summoned before the court, specially convened for this purpose by order of the President.

Those who observed the prisoner closely beheld a deadly pallor overspread his face and neck as the charges and specifications were read in loud, distinct tones. The pallor was succeeded by a crimson flush that flamed up to the roots of his hair. Throughout the proceedings the blood throbbing in his veins glowed in his cheeks. In answer to the question, "How do you plead?" Norton started, stared at the judge advocate, and answered, "Not guilty!" in a firm voice. When he was asked if he desired to be represented by counsel, he replied in the negative, adding:

"I shall only be too glad to face any one who may have the boldness to attempt to support the charges brought against me, and which I now hear for the first time. Is it customary to withhold the charges until the court convenes? Why was I not given a copy of the charges?"

The members of the court looked at each other, then at the President, who fixed his eyes upon the judge advocate. The latter read the President's thoughts quickly; he tapped the paper in his hand, the President nodded, and the judge advocate answered:

"It is the universal practice to furnish persons against whom charges are made copies of the charges and specifications. The sole reason for deviating from the custom in this case was because sufficient time was not allowed. This court has been convened in answer to your demand for an immediate hearing. The paper presented to you is fresh from the press."

"The explanation is entirely satisfactory," Norton announced. At this juncture Governor Curtin, who was seated near the judge advocate, whispered to him. The judge advocate (colonel of a regiment in the brigade Norton's company belonged to), addressing the President said:

"Governor Curtin came here presuming he would represent Captain Norton. In compliance with the custom, he proposes to withdraw."

"I will take the responsibility of departing so far from the rule in this case as to request Governor Curtin to remain. This court has been convened by the President, at the request of the governor of Pennsylvania, who may yet be called upon to act as counsel." The first witness sworn was scrutinized closely by the prisoner. When commanded to face the prisoner, Captain Hawkins measured him with a scornful look. Norton gazed at Hawkins calmly, scrutinizing his face, his dress.

"Captain Hawkins, do you know Captain Norton?"

"I do," was the prompt answer.

"When did you see him last?"

"Last Friday evening."

"Where were you when you saw him?"

"My company was detailed for guard duty at the end of the bridge."

"Where did you see Captain Norton?"

"He passed within twenty yards of me. He crossed the bridge."

"Going out, or coming in?"

"Coming in."

"Was he walking or riding?"

"He was mounted, sir."

"Was there anything peculiar about Captain Norton?"

"I think some one remarked that his horse was fagged."

"Did you speak to him?"

"I did not."

"Did he speak to you, or recognize you in any way?"

"No, he did not."

"Did you not think that strange?"

"I did not, sir. My acquaintance with him was very slight."

"You belong to the same brigade."

"You forget, sir, that Captain Norton only recently joined his regiment."

"State what occurred at the bridge."

"Captain Norton rode up to the guard, who spoke to the sergeant, who in his turn called the officer of the guard, Lieutenant May answered. Captain Norton's pass was handed to Lieutenant May, who held it up where I could see the signature, then Captain Norton rode over the bridge."

"Then you did not examine the pass. Is that the way volunteers do?"

"It was not necessary," said the witness, dryly. "Lieutenant May read it. I did not think then—do not think now—it was necessary for me to examine it when I could see the signature across a ten-acre field."

"From which we may infer that it was a De Kay pass," said the Judge Advocate, as a smile went around the table. When he was answered in the affirmative several laughed.

"You say Captain Norton looked tired?"

"I did not, sir; I said some one said his horse looked fagged."

"What time was it?"

"About eight."

"Was the countersign out?"

"I think it was."

"Then you are not sure that he gave the countersign?"

"If it was out it was the guard's duty to demand it."

"But you do not know whether he did or not?" Probably not, since the pass was exhibited."

"I have known instances where passes were demanded after the word was given."

"How was Captain Norton dressed?"

"He wore his uniform. He had a cap on."

"You are quite positive. Is it not possible you were twenty yards from him—that it might have been another person?"

Here Hawkins surveyed the members of the board solemnly.

"I am as positive that Captain Norton passed me on the evening in question as I am that I now see you, gentlemen."

"Were there any others present who knew Captain Norton?"

"Captain Cuddy was visiting me. He also saw Captain Norton."

When Captain Cuddy was sworn Norton stared at him curiously. Cuddy returned his look with a glare of cold scorn. His testimony corroborated all that Hawkins said. He was positive as to the person. He had no acquaintance with Norton, but he had observed him frequently. It was Cuddy, not Hawkins, who remarked that Norton's horse was pretty well blown, and that the Captain looked tired. He, too, saw the signature on the pass.

Lieutenant May was sworn. He also was positive—there could not be any mistake.

Last of all a farmer was brought into the room from which the witnesses were excluded until they were sworn, retiring the moment they were dismissed. When the farmer was sworn, he was proceeding to give his testimony when the Judge Advocate checked him. Thomas Jeffers, as he called himself, betrayed so much impatience while the questions and answers were written, passed to the president, and handed to the judge advocate, as to supply the sole gleam of humor that relieved the proceedings. He testified that the prisoner passed his (Jeffer's) house, about ten miles from Washington, near the Centerville road. In the afternoon. The prisoner rode across a fringe of wood in a manner that led the honest farmer to think he did not desire to attract notice. Jeffers addressed him; the prisoner accompanied him to the house, and ate some cold pork and bread and butter, for which he paid. Jeffers's testimony delivered without a pause in its uninterrupted flow—the judge advocate wisely concluding it best to permit him to tell his story in his own way—produced an effect wholly unexpected. The prisoner set looking at him with knit brows, as if he were endeavoring to recall the farmer. When Jeffers concluded, Norton rose, stretched out a hand toward Jeffers, and demanded abruptly:

"You are from Pine Tree?"

"What if I be from Pine Tree?"

"You married a Bilger?"

"Nor I don't deny that I married a Bilger," the farmer replied, growing red in the face. "What have you got to say agin the Bilgers or the Jeffers either. They are—"

"I denounce that man here and now as a spy!" exclaimed the captain. "I am prepared at any time to furnish proofs of his guilt," he added, facing the President.

"This is all irregular," said the judge advocate.

"If you permit him to pass through your hands, you will regret it," Norton added, as he sat down.

Jeffers looked around him sullenly; there was a covert glance at the president, as if he anticipated inquiry, but the presiding officer was looking indifferently at a piece of square paper, which he folded and unfolded, apparently in an absent-minded manner. When the farmer left the room, lifting his lower lip, the paper was left in the hands of a sergeant. Five minutes later Farmer Jeffers was fuming and cursing the sergeant, court and Norton heartily under his breath in the room he was confined in • by the order of the president of the court, "until further notice."

The prisoner was informed that he could question the witnesses if he desired to do so. To the surprise of all present, he answered that "it was not worth while. It would only consume valuable time to no purpose." Whereat all eyes were fixed on him in surprise and contempt, since this prelude was deemed equivalent to a confession of guilt. The manner of the members of the court quickly changed when Norton added that circumstances rendered him a victim of one of the deepest insults and grossest outrages mind could conceive. The witnesses, one and all, either committed perjury, which he was loath to believe, since he could conceive no reason for it; he had, so far as he could recall his conduct, given no cause to any man for the degree of hatred such action indicated; or they were misled in some inexplicable manner. But one thing he boldly asserted—in the end the officers who swore so positively would have cause to regret their action—they would probably live to experience greater humiliation than he had experienced.•

He was not outside the lines at the time referred to. He could produce witnesses who would prove that from the evening of the preceding day (Thursday) down until after 10 o'clock on Friday night, he was in Washington city. The proof would be as complete and convincing as mortal could ask. And had those who arrested him, or those who connived at his imprisonment intimated the nature of the offense which he was supposed to have committed when he first demanded the cause of his detention in prison, he could have satisfied them in ten—yes, in five minutes, of the gross blunder they were guilty of.

"From 9 o'clock Thursday night," said Captain Norton, "when I asked for and obtained a temporary leave of absence, I was occupied, without an interval of rest according, twenty minutes, in preparing instructions and making maps of portions of the country, which would enable any intelligent man to travel confidently over it at night. When I was not making maps of the regions referred to, I was, with others, copying correspondence deemed of the utmost importance to the government—correspondence affecting men in the highest stations in this city, in my own state, Kentucky, and in Tennesee—more especially in Tennessee."

By this time, the attention of all present was riveted upon the prisoner. Profound silence reigned when he paused.

"A large—a very large portion of that correspondence was intercepted by means suggested by me; it was, in fact, obtained and brought into the city at night by agents acting under my instructions. When copies of the letters were made, they were returned to the source from whence they were obtained. I can only say that the character of all the correspondence affects the action of Kentucky and Tennessee so closely that the future course of both states largely depends upon it. I had, throughout the time spoken of, three assistants, one or more of whom was constantly with me. They are all engaged at the present time in the service of the government."

The prisoner paused; the president and judge advocate drew a long breath; the other members of the court squared themselves in their seats and looked at each other wonderingly.

"Where were you all this time?"

The prisoner looked at the president of the court, saying, "I am not at liberty to reveal that."

"You surely are at liberty to state to this court where you were, and under whose instructions, or by whose orders you acted."

"I do not tell that I am."

"How, then, do you propose to supply a scintilla of proof that your statement is true and correct in every particular?"

"What reason," said the President, speaking for the first time, "do you assign for withholding the names of those engaged with you in the work you describe, and who you say are not now with you, and the names of those who employed you? You must be fully aware of the nature of the obligations imposed upon the members of this court."

"I can only say that, to make such responses here and now, as you seem to expect, might be regarded by those who directed me, as prejudicial to the welfare of the country. I can, however, name one person who, if applied to, is in a position to convince you that further proceedings in this case are unnecessary."

While the members of the court looked at each other wonderingly the prisoner advanced to the table, lifted pen and paper, wrote a word or two, blotted it carefully, folded it and walking to the upper end of the table laid the paper before the President, who opened it hastily, started, looked at Governor Curtin, then at the judge advocate.

"My lips are sealed," said Norton. The President moved nervously and signed to the judge advocate, who rose and approached him. The President's finger pointed to the paper upon which was written in a bold hand:

"Communicate guardedly with Attorney General Bates. • •

The President and judge advocate whispered; the latter's action was vehement as he turned away and reseated himself.

"Are we to understand Captain Norton that the person named in this paper would prefer not to be known in the business you have described."

"I know that he will be very angry if his wishes are not respected and his express commands disobeyed."

"The court will adjourn immediately. The members will hold themselves in readiness to re-assemble at a moment's notice," said the President. He rose, advanced to the prisoner, and beckoning the governor to his side, the three walked apart. The other members of the court paused a few moments, then left the room. The question they asked themselves and addressed each other was, who was the person whose name carried such weight with it as to warrant the adjournment of the court even temporarily. Another question, a more difficult question to answer, was, who was the man who entered the camp, whose resemblance to Norton was so wonderful as to warrant the testimony of four witnesses, three of whom were reliable and entirely trustworthy? • • •

Ten minutes later the President of the court and Governor Curtin accompanied by Captain Norton, were ushered into the presence of the attorney general. The surprise manifested by the latter upon their entrance visibly increased as the President of the court addressed him in low tones. He looked annoyed, but his brow cleared quickly as he addressed them collectively.

"I would much prefer gentlemen, rather than to institute inquiries as which might establish the responsibility of Captain Norton's arrest, to let the matter rest. We live in critical times—a great—an unpardonable blunder has been made—but it will be best for all—for the country—if the business ends here. I will ask you gentlemen, to dismiss all recollection of it from your minds when you leave this room. As for Captain Norton, I can say that he has rendered signal service to the government and been extraordinarily faithful to his obligation to me. I can vouch for his presence in this city at the time specified—more than that I do not care to say."

When the trio left the Attorney General, the president of the board remarked drily to the governor: "Our people seem to be playing at cross purposes. There ought to be more intimate relations or a better understanding between the departments."

"We must make allowances, general," the governor answered cheerfully. He rejoiced over the strange and unexpected turn affairs had taken. "It requires time and patience to restore order where chaos reigns. Norton, you are my guest for the remainder of the day."

"At the very least," said the brigade commander, as he regarded Norton steadfastly, "whoever is at fault in this bungling business should charge themselves with the duty of making immediate reparation. Captain Norton," he extended his hand abruptly, "permit me to assure you of my profound regard. You have borne yourself throughout nobly."

"I appreciate your kindness, general," Norton replied.

"I shall charge myself with the pleasure," the governor emphasized the word, "of commending Captain Norton to Secretary Cameron's favor. I shall derive all the more satisfaction since it is evident some one in his department has blundered. You will dine with us, general."

The general was on the point of declining, but the governor laughingly ignored his scruples as he led the way to his hotel. As they turned a corner they encountered a gentleman who seemed to be occupied in thought. He was walking briskly, with his eyes cast down, when a voice accosted him.

"General, which way?" said the governor cheerily. The general looked up, reached out a hand to the governor, shook the latter's hand heartily, and replied:

"I am trying to keep an appointment—I am late." He shook hands with the brigade commander as he spo

sound agin. I've only been hyar a little while—it seems a month."

"It requires time to heal your wound."

"That's jis what I'm everlastingly sick of! If I didn't know I'd got to be cooped up in this cussed place—"

"Perhaps it may not be so long. Perhaps you will have an opportunity to be exchanged soon. At least there is no harm in hoping for the best. You can speak to the surgeons."

"You think there's a chance, Miss?"

Miss Maxwell could not excite hopes that would not be realized. She looked in the eyes fixed upon her anxiously. "It depends upon the exertions of your friends—and your own. If you will get some one to write to your friends, they will likely move in the matter."

"You don't know a lot miss. My friends ain't losin' no sleep on account of me. They'd jes as lief 'low the Yanks to take care of me. They've other fish to fry—that's the reason I cuss so."

"It will not help you to swear."

"Don't it? That's where you're mistaken. It's powerful relievin'."

"Do you want to write?"

"I'm not jest achin' to do it."

"Suppose I write for you?"

The patients eyes were uplifted in surprise. He seemed to be revolving some obstruse problem in his mind. Then he turned his head aside.

"Twouldn't be a mite of use."

"It will not do any harm. I will write a letter for you whenever you desire it. Nobody will know what is in it but those you address—and I will know it, of course." She paused to observe the effect of her words, then added, "I will experience pleasure in writing a letter for you, or for any of your friends here."

Then she walked away. He followed her with his eyes, muttering, "Mighty obligin'—'n she's not secesh!"

That thought impressed him; it seemed to disturb him. She had manifested great kindness to the few Confederate patients—there were half a dozen in the ward—but she devoted extraordinary care to the patient nearest the door. The regular nurses seemed to welcome her assistance. The patient near the door required assidious care, and she seemed to minister to the patient's needs more successfully than the regular nurses.

The patient with a bullet hole through his leg became interested in this volunteer nurse and the unknown patient.

Miss Maxwell was seated beside the cot near the door thinking of her brother, concerning whom no tittle of information had been obtained. She could only hope that he was in the hands of people who would discharge their obligations in a Christian-like manner. Perhaps at that moment her brother was the recipient of as much care as she was bestowing upon this helpless unknown patient who had not given any evidence that he realized his condition. He was conscious at times, but his utterances indicated a brain teeming with all kinds of fancies.

"And she ain't secesh," said the patient with the wounded leg. "Blamed if I'd believed—no one would believe it." He was intent in his observation. Miss Maxwell felt his eyes upon her. She divined his thought. She resolved to disabuse him of the impression that she was an exception. She would prove to him that the women in the North deplored the horrible war, and were disposed to sympathize with the sufferers South and North of Mason and Dixon's line.

On his side, the man with the bushy head and great black eyes wondered what the patient near the door looked like. He assumed that he must be young—and handsome. Yes, that accounted for it. If he was a homely cuss—the patient smiled. Then he felt ashamed of himself. She had offered to write a letter for him. She couldn't be smitten with all the secesh!

Finally his consuming curiosity overpowered him. He succeeded in attracting Miss Maxwell's attention. When she advanced to his cot, he made a wry face, saying, "Miss, I'm curus to get a look at that fellow over there."

"It is impossible. You know you must not move."

"Say! is he a young man? Younger than I am?"

"He is very much older."

"Secesh and older than I be. Say! What's his gin'ral style now? Is he a real clever lookin' sort of a man, or just common? Mebbe I might know him. But it ain't no use talkin', seein' as how I'm boun' ter lie hyur like a log. Well—you're powerful kind to him, Miss. His folks orter be be obleeged t'ye."

Miss Maxwell heard him, but her thoughts were intent upon other things. She was wondering how she could devise a plan that would enable him to see the elderly patient.

Suddenly, as if moved by the impulse of the moment, she hastened from the ward. When she re-entered it she bore a mirror in her hands. Then she returned to the patient, whose wish she desired to gratify.

"I will place the glass at an angle that will permit you to see his face. You will sign to me when it is in the right position."

It required some time; there were repeated trials; then the watcher signed vehemently. He stared at the reflection in the mirror, and settled himself back on his pillow. When Miss Maxwell approached him he exclaimed:

"It's Col. Mason. Do I know him? I have know'd him all my life! He's in bad shape, miss. No use denyin' it—I saw him. Think he'll pull through? Lord! who'd thought it! The colonel!

Miss Maxwell immediately plied him with inquiries; in two minutes, less time, she possessed all the information she desired concerning the hitherto unknown patient. Bilger—for, as the reader has doubtless divined it was Bilger who recognized the colonel—was at great pains to describe the colonel's home, and the most direct way to reach it. Miss Maxwell was in the act of completing her notes when Gen. Moorhead entered the ward. She hastened to him quickly, saying:

"Chance has favored us. I have a well digested plan, one that I think you will commend. I have discovered the name of the unknown patient. He is Col. Mason. I rely upon you to help me. I propose taking charge of him as soon as the surgeons think he can be removed to his home. His social position, to say nothing of his recent services, all render him prominent. Surely his friends will only be too glad to permit me to accompany him when they know the truth."

"Unquestionably, if it is absolutely necessary for you to do so."

She looked at him as if she had not heard aright.

"It may not be necessary," he added; then in answer to her inquiry:

"You have news for me? It is good news!" he added.

"It is, and it is not. Judge for yourself." He handed her a letter. "That came to the secretary of War within the past hour."

Miss Maxwell's eyes swept over the letter: she read it seemingly at a glance. The general heard an exclamation expressive at once of thanks and a prayer that her brother might be restored to her. The communication was very brief; it read thus:

Ridgeview, July 26, 1861.

Dear Father:—Will you please communicate to the authorities in Washington the name of the invalid left in Miss Norton's house? It is Richard Hope Maxwell. He is now conscious, but in a critical condition. I have just learned his name since my letter was mailed a few hours ago. MARION CLAYTON.

Across this in red ink was scrawled hurriedly, "Respectfully referred to the secretary of war." Turning the page over—it was a half sheet of note paper folded lengthwise—Miss Maxwell read this endorsement: "Captain Massey will transmit with other papers when making exchange." The signature following this endorsement, and certain splotches that looked like initials, Miss Maxwell was unable to decipher. The one name that stood out almost as bold as John Hancock's signature to the Declaration of Independence, was that of Paine Clayton, in red ink. It was slashed across the face of the note like a gash made by a sword.

When Miss Maxwell looked up at the general her eyes were wet with tears, the first he had seen on her face, although he had good reason to think hers was anything but a tearless face.

"Courage," he said, cheerily. "At least we know the worst of it. The best may be reserved. It is very fortunate, however, that you have learned the name of this patient. You are quite sure."

"The patient over there—his name is Bilger—recognized him instantly."

"The poor fellow is so horribly disfigured——"

"Will it be permanent, do you think?"

"It is to be hoped not. We are new to this business—we have everything to learn."

"In what way, general, will this help us?"

"It occurred to me the moment it was handed to me—by the way, you should know the exchange there referred to was made this morning—it occurred to me your brother might be exchanged at the earliest practicable hour. This discovery seems to be a most fortunate coincidence. Don't you think so?"

"It seems providential."

"I shall endeavor to make the most of it. And if an exchange can't be made soon—or immediately——" He paused, knit his brows, then smiled as he added, "Why, then, we will see if we can't obtain permission to send you to nurse your brother, allowing Mason's people the same privilege. Are you ready to go with me now—you will tire yourself out here, I am afraid."

"No, general, I would much prefer to remain an hour or two longer."

He looked at her sharply; his mental comment, "Undoubtedly she is right," was repeated as he walked away. While Miss Maxwell's thought was, "I must do something or I shall become hysterical." She knew that if it could be accomplished her friend and adviser would not rest until arrangements were made to effect an immediate exchange, or failing in that, he would find means to prevail upon the Confederate authorities to permit her to go to her brother's bedside.

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

THE PARIS OF TO-DAY

Would Not be Recognized by the Old-Timers.

The old order changes in Paris. The Cafe Riche—the last of the great boulevard cafes of the old aristocratic type—is to be transformed into a democratic brasserie, where every one may drink Munich beer and eat hot onion soup and crabs at midnight when coming from the theater, writes a Paris correspondent of the New York Post. Next Tuesday the Grand Vefour of the Palais Royal is to sell out its stock at auction. Thus two of the most notable landmarks of the Parisian life of the three-quarters of the century disappear.

The Cafe Riche has outlived its neighbor, Tortoni's, which was two streets away, by only half a year. It was a few years older than Tortoni's, dating from before the revolution. It has had also its line of distinguished men, literary, financial, political even, and it kept bravely until now the intense respectability which was in keeping with its white and gilded decorations of another time. Here, in the fifties, the boulevardier romanticitis gathered around Henri Murger, who had ceased being Bohemian and had become fashionable. The last boulevardiers of the empire—cynical, having little sympathy with the products of universal suffrage—have continued patronizing its luncheons and utilizing for their companionship its homely halls, where the flood of women never entered. Ranc, the companion of Gambetta, and a circle of boursiers have also remained faithful. But the prosperity of the thoroughly respectable cafe is over in Paris. Of late when the Cafe Riche was putting up its shutters at midnight, after an evening when its clients could have been counted too easily, the Taverne Pousset, just beyond, was jammed with a tide of men and women, who would keep its lights flaming into the street until the latest hour allowed by the law, from two to three in the morning.

The glory of the Grand Vefour, like that of the Palais Royal itself, has long been a thing of the past, except for certain expensive diners-out or foreigners enticed by the world-wide tradition of the place, or by its handy neighborhood with the Theatre Francais. Its great time was in the days described by Bulwer in "Pelham," under the restoration, and in the early thirties. The Palais Royal was then the gambling capital of the civilized world. All through the Revolution Vefour's kept its renown; and when order came again, there was no more notable dining-place for the princely devotees of pleasure and for adventures of renown. It was then called the Cafe de Chartres, from a street which disappeared with the building of the famous galleries in stone. In 1837 the world of women was driven out of the Palais Royal galleries and gardens, and from that time the great world also vanished away. A few jewelry shops have alone remained to attract the attention of travelers drawn hither by the memories of a brilliant past.

SPRING HEADGEAR READY.

Hats and Bonnets to be Smaller Than Last Fall's Styles.

Hats and bonnets have a tendency toward becoming yet smaller than they were last fall. We give here two models created by Mme. Virot, which are typical of the present style. No. 1, a "Henri Second" toque, is made of untanned leather in its natural color. The edge is pinched in here and there and lined with shedhred velvet, and a pompon of bronze marabouts is fastened on the right side by a knife-shaped bow of bronze satin ribbon.

THIS SPRING'S STYLE.

No. 2 is the "Suzette." This is a very becoming little can-shaped structure of gold filigree, trimmed with black tips, from which rises a bunch of black, osprays frosted with gold. Slightly to the left is fastened a blossom set with diamonds and emeralds.

Too Old to Walk.

A lift has just been fitted at Osborne for the accommodation of the Queen. It is at the pavilion end of the palace, and runs up from the ground floor to Her Majesty's own suite of apartments. The new lift in the private apartments at Windsor has been used every day by the Queen during the last month when she went out and returned from her drives. A lift is also being constructed at Buckingham Palace, which is to be ready for use by the beginning of February, as the Queen intends to pay a brief visit to London before her departure for the Continent.

A Veteran's Story

Jos. Heumerich.

Mr. Joseph Heumerich, an old soldier, 529 E. 146th St., N. Y. City, writes voluntarily. In 1852, at the battle of Fair Oaks, he was stricken with **typhoid fever,** and after a struggle of several years in hospitals, was discharged as incurable with **Consumption.**

Doctors said both lungs were affected and he could not live long, but a comrade urged him to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Before he had finished one bottle his cough began to get loose, the choking sensation left, and night sweats grew less and less. He is now in good health and cordially recommends

Hood's Sarsaparilla

as a blood purifier and **tonic medicine,** especially to comrades in the G. A. R.

HOOD'S PILLS are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. Try a box. 25c.

The Camp Fire.

Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, but want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life; all such are welcome.

The Surgeon's Story.

Editor Camp Fire:—One of your army contributors wishes to hear from some one that was connected with the 28th O. V. I. I was assistant surgeon of that regiment, and the only American in it, and withdrew from it by resignation after the battle of Antietam. Soon after, through Governor Todd's solicitation, I re-entered the service as Ohio state surgeon, and in that capacity served in different hospitals and posts in Nashville, Tenn., until the close of the war. My experience, I love to dwell upon, when connected with the 28th O. V. I., was entirely incidental, and not connected with the regiment itself. Although we were ordered to do service in several very bloody battles, as far as I know we never lost in them a single man. But what I was going to say, I went with my regiment into the battle of South Mountain. When we got close to the enemy we took shelter in a deep ravine at the foot of a hill, with the summit occupied by a rebel battery.

Between us and them was an open field of about 50 acres close to our left, in the same gully were two more regiment, one from Ohio. A charge was sounded to storm the battery; and before the sound of the bugle died away the two regiments hurried out of their concealment and made one of the most gallant charges of the war. Why we remained hid in the gully, and failed to participate in the charge, as it was evidently ordered, I will not say. At the time this charge took place, the air was filled with flying shells and balls, coming both ways, from our own to the right and from the rebels from the hill. I watched the charge with the most intense anxiety. As the brave boys mounted the hill in a double quick order, spread out in a long line, I thought my heart would break, as I saw a soldier shot down here and there, until the ground before me was partly covered with the wounded, the dying and the dead. My post was to remain with my regiment; but my sense of duty called me to go to the relief of the wounded that laid scattered before me. To the right about a hundred rods from me, I noticed a small log house.

On sight of it I conceived the idea to turn it into a field hospital, not knowing at the time that it was located midway between the two fighting armies. I quickly jumped out of the gully, called for my assistants and made for the house. On my way, with a hail of shells and balls flying over our heads I met a Dr. Graham, from Cleveland, who was under no orders, but no doubt on the same mission I was. He agreed to meet me at the house, but I am afraid the poor fellow was killed on the way, at least I never saw him again. Fortunately, the mule and driver with my surgical supplies was on hand when we got there. The first thing that was to be done was to fasten a hospital flag to the chimney. Of about six attendants all refused to run the risk to put up the flag. After some parley a brave young lad, not of our regiment, stepped up and said that he would put it up. The boy was at once assisted to reach the chimney, and the flag was firmly adjusted to the chimney—a more perilous undertaking could not be made. The breeze had hardly unfolded the flag, when a stream of wounded were brought in, and placed on the green grass around the house. Owing to the constant play of the battery towards our direction I was afraid to do any work inside the house, for a shell penetrating it with a house full of wounded would have proved disastrous in the extreme. As the erect posture was not safe I crawled about on all fours among my wounded patients, giving them such immediate attention as I thought necessary. Working in this awkward way for hours it finally gave me a violent cramp in the back. As I jumped up to give myself a moment's relief and I hardly had gained an erect posture I saw a flash on the hill, followed by an angry hissing sound of a shell that was making its way towards us at a low range. I quickly threw myself on my face and the shell passed closely over me, and struck a chestnut tree about twenty yards from me, killing both my mule and driver, who was an interesting youth. I immediately rushed to the poor boy. He was most mysteriously injured, of which he was thrown into the greatest agony.

I hastily examined him but found not a trace of external injury on his body. I found him pulseless, and he was among the dead before I left the place. Somehow later in the day the place got "hotter and hotter" as the boys say; but held on to it, as my work was there, and indeed I did not know where else to go, unless for safety it was to go still nearer to the battery. The old soldiers will know what I mean.

Finally an officer of the day came along and ordered me to the rear with such wounded men as I could take with me. To carry out the order I gathered up about twenty wounded men that could walk, and made for the ravine, a safe way to take me to the rear. Before starting out for the rear I dismissed a rebel soldier, who was wounded in the hand, and was attracted by our hospital flag, to come here to have his wound dressed. His verdancy amused us very much. I dressed his wound, bid him good bye, and told him to tell the boys on the hill that got hurt to come this way for treatment while the engagement was going on.

We had hardly got under way when a battery opened upon us with grape shot from a cannon that was evidently stationed to command this outlet. A shower of balls struck the rocks all around us. At the time I was passing over a little elevation, and one of the balls struck a rock close to me, and a chip of it cut me in the face, with a loss of about a tablespoonful of blood I shed for my country. For a moment I hardly knew what to do with myself, as I looked about to see others, almost every man had disappeared, and when I did get to the rear I had almost a dozen wounded men with me and no attendants.

This thing of shelling my hospital kept up with me for many years the greatest contempt of the mode of warfare of the South. I classified it to something akin to the Libby prison affair. But twenty years after the war I met a reb here in Texas, that had been connected with one of those batteries of the hill. I was for taking him severely to task, for violating a hospital flag. He said: "I remember that little hospital before us, at the foot of the hill, and many thousand shots passed closely over it, but they were not intended for you, but for the headquarters of your army, that were concealed in the woods a little it beyond your hospital." I felt much relieved by this intelligence, even at the late day.

Now, what I would like to know, what became of Dr. Graham and the brave little fellow that put up that hospital flag, and I would like to hear from some officer or soldier that fought with our hospital as their bulwark.—G. P. Haehenberg, M. D., surgeon 28th Ohio.

Some Exciting Incidents.

Editor Camp Fire:—The comrade's "Good Shots," in the Camp Fire of January 25 suggest to my mind certain incidents along this line of thought, which I will relate. Some of them, perhaps, were merely accidental, but this does not detract from their interest any more than it does from the fact of their occurrence.

It was very dark, and our regiment was doing "chain picket" duty in the thick, tangled wild wood near Murfreesboro. Everybody was in suspense and momentarily expecting an attack. Suddenly an animated, shrill "Halt!" rang out upon the still night air, and the next moment the sharp crack of an Enfield rifle sent a thrill of excitement and expectancy into the heart of every person present. The command waited with bated breath for the expected assault, but everything remained very quiet until daylight, when, upon investigation, it was found that a member of Co. H had killed a coal black hog at the distance of 80 yards. He evidently shot "by faith and not by sight." Ever after that, Co. H was known as the "Hog company."

As Gen. Longstreet advanced upon Knoxville, just prior to the siege of that city, our men made a pretty determined stang at Campbell's station, seventeen miles to the west, and gave the enemy quite a check. The opposing batteries were rather too close together for comfort, and while thus engaged, a solid shot from one of our guns hit one of the enemy's guns center in the muzzle, dismounting it and tearing a piece one-third the circumference of it and a foot and a half long bodily out.

Some of us were doing picket duty on the Knoxville-Cumberland Gap road, and some on the Clinton road, about two miles out from the former city. Among the latter squad was a young man by the name of James McCloskey, of Co. K. They were a half-mile to our left. It was during Wheeler's raid in 1864, and everything had an uncertain element about it, which gave us uncomfortable feelings and the situation an ominous look, and our orders were very strict. I was sergeant of the guard, and did not sleep a wink that night. About 10 o'clock I heard the report of a gun to our left. In a moment I had my reserve in line, and leaving them went out to the vidette.

They were alert and prepared to do their full duty. I went back to the reserve and kept everybody up until 2 p. m. When relieved at 9 we learned that McCloskey had killed a mule 40 steps in front. It was pitch dark, and he, like the swine-killer, with a noise as a mark and faith for sights, had unerringly brought down the cause of his anxiety and our alarm. With double significance after that, the boys would say: "Here's your mule, McCloskey."

At Strawberry Plains in November, 1864, 1,100 of us were holding the bridge across the Holston river, at that point, against Breckenridge and Vaughan's commands, who greatly outnumbered us, and it required careful, close work to keep them from burning the bridge and from taking us along with them when they would get ready to leave. One of their batteries had taken position to our right of the walls of Holston college, burned by Byrd and Sanders on their raid in the summer of 1863, because its president and his pupils had volunteered into the Southern army.

Our gunners would wait until the Confederate cannon were discharged before they would return the fire. It was in the early morning, and the sun shone brightly. Their brass guns glistened in the sunlight. It was a sharpshooter, and stood on the parapet just to the right of one of our guns, and could see just what was being done, which was very little. I asked the gunners to fire as the enemy rolled their pieces up into plain view. He paid no attention to me. I then called the attention of Capt. Crane, of the battery, to the gunner's tardy firing. The captain ordered him to shoot as I suggested. This he did and the very first shot dismounted one of the enemy's guns.

These, Mr. Editor and comrades, I consider good shots, whether considered as purely accidental or as the result of good marksmanship. I could give more, and some as wide of the mark as the foregoing were most accurate and effective, but I must forbear.

Comrades of the 2d, let us hear from some of you.—H. C., Co. G, 2d Tenn. Inf.

How Buck Got His Cream.

Editor Camp Fire:—After a long absence I come again with a load of dry sugar-tree wood from Decatur county, Ind., to keep up a warm fire while I tell the old comrades what luck Buckner Hale had getting some cream for his coffee. We were in camp at Galiton, Tenn., November, 1862. It was a cold, damp evening, and while we were eating a brindle cow of our neighbor's came in to get her ration of hay. She halted near our tent by a pond of water and mud three or four inches deep.

Buck got his cup, and said he would have some cream for his coffee. So he went up to the old brindle, and squatted down and commenced milking. The old brindle smelled a Yankee and kicked him in the pond of water and mud. The next thing I saw after old brindle stepped away was Buckner on his back, his feet rather extended.

She did not intend to hurt him. She only played a rebel trick on him. When he got out, and wiped the mud off, he said he did not want any cream he was only joking.

While we were there, fourteen of us of the regiment, with one lieutenant, were sent within two miles of Lebanon Center to get a conscript officer. John Morgan was in Lebanon with his regiment that night. We started at 10 o'clock. It was very dark. Morgan's pickets were in the roads near about, so we went round them, and went on and got our man and a horse or two. One of the men saw a gold watch hanging up. He said it tried to bite him, and he captured it, and brought it home.—M. H. Gabhart, Co. C, 14th Kentucky.

A Reminiscence of White River

Editor Camp Fire:—In October, '64, we were stationed at the mouth of White River. One drizzling evening four of my company were detailed for picket duty—Lieutenant Calvin, Davis, Smith and myself. After I had come in at 10 o'clock, being relieved by Smith, Davis and myself occupied a tent made of oil cloth stretched across four posts, with blankets for a top and I had laid down, Calvin came out of his fly tent and crawled down between us for a chat. While we were talking and laughing and having a good time, Davis said he thought he heard a snake about the head of our bunk. So I reached out to my left and took a piece of hickory, turned over and poked about. I happened to draw it across Calvin's hand. It was wet and slick. Calvin thought it was a snake, and fled, carrying the tent with him. Davis followed. I could not convince them about the vine. I had made a lamp out of a piece of fat meat, but they left me to build my tent and sleep by myself. Calvin said he knew it was a snake, for he felt the thing crawl across his hand. If any of the old 11th can throw on some more light to make a blaze, I hope they will do so.—Aaron P. Youngblood, Co. F, 11th Illinois.

Has a Good Record.

Editor Camp Fire:—I served in the 25th Ohio Inf. We were mustered in at Columbus, O., on the 18th of June, 1861, and mustered out June 18, 1866. Now who can beat that? I thing among your subscribers there are some of the old 25th. I would like to hear from them through The Blade or by letter.—M. Teach, 25th Ohio.

Splinters.

Comrade Wm. Berner recalls some interesting incidents of the Wilderness campaign. Co. B, 36th Wisconsin.

Comrade M. A. Jones, Co. B, 122 Ills., recalls the landing of his regiment at Nashville on December 30, 1863. What comrade can recall incidents if the same?

Comrade J. B. Eppeson, of the 6th Tennessee, tells of the journey of his regiment with the 25th Michigan to Fort Fisher. Who remembers the boat getting stuck in an oyster bed in Chesakeake bay?

—The Very Best Thing to do with a Cold, or a Bad Cough, is to get rid of it as soon as possible, and you have a safe remedy for the purpose in Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant for over half a century a popular Lung Medicine.

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Send us your address on a postal, and you will receive the finest and most elaborate Catalogue of Pianos and Organs ever published. It will show you the latest and best styles, and how to SAVE $100. more than please you. Write and see how little it takes to get an Instrument when you begin right. Send for it to-day. It will (ORGANS from $27.50 up.) (PIANOS from $175.00 up.)

CORNISH & CO., Established 27 Years. —Washington, N. J.

WHERE TO FIND A HOME.

An Eastern Farmer Tells of the Advantages of Eastern Kansas.

Admire, Kan., Feb. 17.—Editor Blade:—About three weeks ago I left my home in Ohio, to visit a son in the much-praised and much-abused state of Kansas. I found him located on a farm near the enterprising town of Admire, in Lyon county. After investigating the many advantages in this location I feel that I must say a word to my brethren East, who desire to make homes for themselves and their sons where land is cheaper and within their reach. One of the main reasons why people hesitate to come West is that they do not know just where to go. To such, I can give some helpful advice based on experience.

To the hesitating I can say that no place I have ever visited in the West offers as many advantages as the country lying around Admire, Kan. One of the first great advantages that I find here is cheap land. It is marvel to me to find rich fertile lands selling at from $8 to $15 per acre. This place is located where numerous small streams furnish it with abundance of excellent water and converging, form the Marais-des-Cygnes river.

Until recently, corn growing and stock raising have been the leading industries, but nearly all the small grains yield well. The tame grasses are being introduced with success, and peaches, apples and all the smaller fruits are grown successfully, hundreds of bushels of fruit being shipped from Admire annually.

I am told on good authority that corn frequently yields one hundred bushels per acre. Admire is in the eastern third of the state, and is not troubled with the droughts that frequently visit the western portion. The climate is delightful, healthful and exhilarating.

The enterprising town of Admire, located seven years ago in the center of this fertile section, is on the main line of the Missouri Pacific railroad, one hundred miles southwest of Kansas City, which is one the greatest markets in the United States.

This section is only sixteen miles west of the great coal fields of Osage county, and in fact, coal mines are being worked within one mile of Admire. Excellent building stone also abounds, and good timber grows along the streams.

But why so much cheap vacant land in such a desirable locality? Until seven years ago there was no railroad nearer than twenty miles. People farming small tracts, settled closer to railroad towns, and these lands were taken by large cattle raisers who needed range off from the railroads. In 1886, just at the close of the great Western immigration boom, the Missouri Pacific railroad ran its great system through the center of this rich land, spoiling it in a great degree for large cattle ranges; hence, these great ranges are now being divided up and sold for farms.

Recently the citizens of and about Admire have formed an organization under the name of "The Admire Board of Trade," which proposes to give information regarding the resources and advantages of the neighborhood. They ask me to say that they solicit correspondence from all home seekers, and while they have no land for sale, they will gladly furnish detailed information on any point concerning this section, and will send lists of land that is for sale, giving prices and terms.

Any correspondance addressed to "The Admire Board of Trade," or to F. E. Parr, secretary, will receive prompt answer, and any person coming here to look at lands will be received by a committee and furnished with all desired information. They especially invite colonies or families who wish to emigrate and live close to each other, to look this country over.

In conclusion I would say to my brethren further East, come to Admire and investigate for yourselves. The schools are good and the people intelligent, and you need have no fear in bringing your sons and daughters to grow up in this Western atmosphere of activity and enterprise, where they can be independent and own happy homes of their own. Yours truly,

A BUCKEYE STATE FARMER.

HUSBANDS AND HOMES.

He—A person at your age, and never been in love?

She—I never had time. I've been married three times, you know!—Yonkers Statesman.

She (heatedly)—I wish I had known you better before we were married. We haven't a single sentiment that we can agree upon.

He—Oh, yes, we have—that last sentiment of yours.—Chicago Record.

Mrs. Honeymoon—I wish to select a pin for my husband.

Jeweler—What style of pin would you like, madam?

Mrs. Honeymoon—A terrapin, please. I have often heard him say how much he liked them.—Harper's.

"Scrabble and his wife used to quarrel all the time. Are they happy now?"

"Yes, perfectly so."

"What brought about the change?"

"She eloped with his best friends."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

She—This aluminum must be a wonderful thing.

He—What is it?

"Why, it's the lightest material that can be used."

"Why don't you try some in your bread?"—Yonkers Statesman.

"I see the papers advertise easy work at home," said Mrs. Brown, as her husband settled himself in his easy chair to read the evening news.

"Yes," he replied, "I have noticed advertisements of that kind."

"Well," she said, as she prepared to wash a sinkful of dirty dishes, "it ain't housework, you bet!"—Boston Courier.

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old or middle-aged man suffering from nervous debility, weakness, lack of vigor from errors or excesses will enclose stamp to me, I will send him the prescription of a genuine certain cure free of cost. No humbug, no deception. Address Mr. Thomas Barnes, Marshall, Mich.

Queer Bibles.

Among the Bibles which are noted for their odd translations or misprints are the Wicked Bible, the He and She Bible, the Vinegar Bible, the Breeches Bible, the Treacle Bible and others. But still another curious edition was recently brought to light, and is called the Woman's Bible. It was printed in 1251 by Beke, the Cossels of Leipsic, and reads: "Unto the woman he said, Because thou hast obeyed the voice of thy wife," etc., instead of "unto Adam."

Hard Times in the South.

The other day a young negro girl was met by an old negro woman up about Ashley's store, and the usual salutations, with by questions as to the health, peace and happiness of the families were passed. "Does your mammy still take in washing?" asked the older.

"Yes'm," replied the younger, "she been doing washing for Mr. Blank down here at Mrs. ——'s boarding house, but he say times is so hard he can't pay clothes washed; and I dunno what she gwine to do now."—Valdosto (Ga.) Telescope.

So Considerate.

Judge Sedg—Prisoner at the bar, you are charged with shooting the plaintiff through each ear, one foot, an elbow and along the top of his head. What have you to say for yourself?

Alkali Ike (the prisoner)—Wal, I didn't have no killin' grudge agin him and so I jest shot him in the thin places around the edges so's not to hurt him too much.—Life.

The First Prize.

Dick—Hello, old man. The last time I saw you, you were going to a Hallowe'en party. Did you get a prize?

Rob—Yes, dear boy, Dolly and I are engaged.—Truth.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Horse Died.

W. B. C., Wisconsin: Your description of the disease of which your horse died is not as full as the editor would like. However, the editor judges that the animal had strangles, with occurrent pneumonia. Strangles is a disease that is confined largely to young animals, but horses of any age are not exempt. In early stages a good plan is to keep warm flaxseed meal to the throat. They must not be allowed to get cold. Mustard plasters are also good. Steaming the nostrils gives some relief. At times the trouble is so violent that bronchotomy is the only thing that will save the animal's life. This can only be done by a surgeon. A veterinarian surgeon might have given relief by performing bronchotomy, but with the complication of pneumonia, the horse would very likely have died under any treatment. Your treatment was good, so far as the strangles was concerned. The legs should have been rubbed, liniment applied and the legs wrapped with flannels. A blanket wrung out in hot water and applied to the chest is a good thing, with a dry blanket over the hot one. This should be kept up for at least ten hours. Then the skin should be rubbed dry and stimulating liniment applied. You will do well to clear away all the bedding in any stall and sprinkle disinfectant in them, to prevent the other animals being in danger.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Raising Sweet Potatoes.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—In answer to "I. C. E." about raising sweet potatoes. I have raised them successfully for several years in the following manner: Start your plants in a hot-bed, so as to have them ready as soon as danger of frost is over. When four to six inches high they are ready; any ground that is rich and loose will raise good sweet potatoes. Break the ground deep and pulverize as fine as possible. If not rich enough manure well before plowing. Make ridges by throwing two furrows together with breaking plow. This will make them about four feet apart. Dress them up with hoe or rake, and set plants one foot apart. With a pointed stick make a hole three inches deep and large enough to hold a gill or two of water. Set the plant in the hole, pour in water to soak in. This will settle the fine dirt about the roots; then with the hand draw dirt around the plant, and you may depend on at least 95 per cent of your plants growing. Be careful not to work the ground too wet, the drier the better.

After the plants are set out, they need but little further attention, except to keep the weeds down. To do that, with a sharp hoe scrape the ridge down, and after the weeds die draw the dirt back to the plants. As soon as the vines get a good start, they will keep the weeds smothered out.

To keep sweet potatoes in winter, two things are necessary, dryness and even temperature. Before the fall rains set in gather sufficient sand or road dust to cover the amount you wish to keep. Dry thoroughly, and when the potatoes are dug, as soon as dry put them away thus: Get a box or barrel, put in a layer of sand two inches deep, then place the potatoes just far enough apart not to touch, then cover with sand two inches deep; put in more potatoes, and so on, until the vessel is full. Keep in a perfectly dry place where the temperature can be kept at from 45 to 50 degrees, and they will keep all right.—J. C., Illinois.

Stumbling in Horses.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—Seeing a remedy for stumbling in horses in a late paper, I would say that after 25 years experience in horse shoeing that shortening horses' toes is not always advisable nor is letting the heels grow high either. Keep the frog as near the ground as possible, and have length enough of toe to give knee and ankle action. A horse cannot travel safely with short toes, for they are sure to stumble and blunder, and high heels have an almost unfailing tendency to curl in and cause corns. Also, shoeing too wide at the heels will cause corns by bearing on the thin quarters of the heel and running off the heel entirely. A shoe should always set on the foot, and if necessary to turn the heel of a shoe out it should be long enough to turn after it leaves the heel of the foot. Corns need not trouble a horse much if shoes without calks are used in summer and very short calks are used in winter, for the frog will then be brought in contact with the ground and relieve the pressure of the corns thereby.

Probably I hav written enough for this time on a subject that is worthy the attention of smarter men than the village blacksmith. (Your letter is a very entertaining one.—Ed.)

Horse Shoeing.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—A first-class shoer can obtain a thorough knowledge of shoeing only by practice. To be a good shoer he must exercise his own judgment in shoeing the many different kinds of feet. A great bother we have to contend with is the different ideas that the owners of horses have as to how a horse should be shod. Not one in ten knows anything about it. They will tell you, for instance, to cut that horse's hoof as long as the horse will stand it, and shoe him at the heel. Another will tell you he does not like a round foot, and in order to suit his fancy you are compelled to rasp off each side of the hoof, which, we claim, is not right.

If I am shoeing a flat foot, I pare it well at the toe and very little at the heel, and set the shoe back from the toe to allow some of the thin, useless horn to be rasped off. The shoer must exercise his judgment as to how much, as some flat feet need more rasping than others. In shoeing a steep hoof, do not allow the shoe to set back from the toe. Shoe full all around. The shoe should never be allowed to cross the bar of the hoof.

In shoeing a horse that has as we smiths term it, a pigeon-toe—that is, a hoof broader on one side than the other side, caused by the colt not having his feet trimmed up in shape and allowed to grow in any shape. The shoe should be fit round as possible, leaving the shoe narrow enough to rasp off this long side.

I do not believe in high calks only for a horse that blunders. I believe in paring the toe down well, leaving the heel high, as I know from experience with horses that were bad blunderers that this is a sure remedy in nearly all instances. A great deal is said, and a great difference in opinion as to how old a colt must be when he is shod. In my opinion it does not injure the hoof in the least if the shoes are not allowed to remain on over 30 days. Shoe him at one year old and it will insure a fine round hoof. It is a prevalent idea with nearly everybody in case a horse goes lame to lay it to the shoer, and in a great many cases it is true, but there is another fault, and that is in the owner of the horse who allows the shoes to remain on for five or six months, which results in corns, contraction of the hoof, etc. I frequently hear of some new smith coming into our neighborhood, and one may ask of his abilities, and they will tell you that they guess he can make a shoe stick or that he can not. This seems to be a mistaken idea that people in the rural districts have that the smith who makes the shoe stick for six months is the man for them, regardless of the fitting of the shoe. Another bad practice that is too common is in applying a hot shoe to the foot to save leveling with the knife or buttress. As a general rule cheap shoers use a cheap nail and a cheap shoe, and hence it is the highest price after all; probably a horse crippled with a nail with shivered point. Do not patronize a man that does not use a hot forged nail. Always use a front shoe on a front foot. The above ideas are only a few of mine; I have endeavored to practice them, and the result is, in spite of so-called cheap shoers, we have the largest run of horse-shoeing of any shop within the same radius. I would be glad to have your veterinarian agree or disagree with me on any of the points in this letter, or any other farrier who can give his ideas, as we all might learn from each other's views. (Your suggestion is a good one. The question of shoeing a horse properly is an important one, and an excellent thing for discussion. —Ed.)

Cracking and Loosing of Bark.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—I have been a reader of The Blade for a number of years, and have often thought I would write to the Farmstead some of my observations, but I have always felt a little like the Dutch juryman who, after retiring to the jury room, said: "Now, let the schmartest man speak first." On Feb. 11 I noticed an article on cracking and loosing of the bark. I do not think it is so much from hard freezing as from the effect of the sun in thawing one side of the tree through the day, while the other side remains frozen, and freezing again at night. The side of the tree next the sun during noon or the warmest part of the day I observed was affected, and the bark was killed as though exposed to hot fire. Now a place is prepared for the borer just suited to his taste, and he enters and the work of destruction goes on, and the bad borer has to bear all the blame. Remedy: Protect the boughs of your trees from thawing one side at a time, by nailing the edges of two boards together of such length and width that will protect the bough from the sun, and secure your one cornered box to the south side of the tree with cord or wire. After freezing is over these may be taken away and set aside for next winter. I am convinced the principal damage is done in February and March.—W. O. Crow, Pennsylvania. (The editor will be pleased to hear from you again.)

ALL ABOUT BEES.

By A. B. Mason.

B. T. K., of Kentucky, "wants to know if it safe to transfer bees; if so, what time

Talmage's Sermon.

AN ATTRACTIVE SERMON FROM AN UNUSUAL TEXT.

What Influence Will People Leave After They Are Gone?—The Man Who Gets His Strength From God.

Rev. Dr. Talmage preached on "The Lightning of the Sea," the text selected being Job xli. 32: "He maketh a path to shine after him."

If for the next thousand years ministers of religion should preach from this Bible there will yet be texts unexpounded, and unexplained, and unappreciated. What little has been said concerning this chapter in Job from which my text is taken, bears on the controversy as to what was really the leviathan described as disturbing the sea. What creature it was I know not. Some say it was a whale. Some say it was a crocodile. My own opinion is it was a sea-monster now extinct. No creature now floating in Mediterranean or Atlantic waters corresponds to Job's description.

What most interests me is that as it moved on through the deep it left the waters flashing and resplendent. In the words of the text: "He maketh a path to shine after him." What was that illuminated path? It was phosphorescence. You find it in the wake of a ship in the night, especially after rough weather. Phosphorescence is the lightning of the sea.

Is that true of us now, and will it be true of us when we have gone? Will there be subsequent light or darkness? Will there be a trail of light or good cheer? Can anyone between now and the next hundred years say of us truthfully as the text says of the leviathan of the deep, "He maketh a path to shine after him"? For we are moving on. While we live in the same house, and transact business in the same store, and write on the same table, and chisel in the same studio, and thresh in the same barn, and worship in the same church, we are in motion, and are in many respects moving on, and we are not where we were ten years ago, nor where we will be ten years hence. Moving out! What influence will we leave in this world after we have gone through it? "None," answer hundreds of voices, "we are not one of the immortal. Fifty years after we are out of the world it will be as though we never inhabited it." You are wrong in saying that. I pass down through this audience and up through these galleries, and I am looking for some one whom I cannot find. I am looking for one who will have no influence in this world 100 years from now. But I have found the man who has the least influence, and I inquire into his history and I find that by a yes or a no he decided some one's eternity. In time of temptation he gave an affirmative or a negative to some temptation which another, hearing of, was induced to decide in the same way. Clear on the other side of the next million years may be the first you hear of the long-reaching influence of that yes or no, but hear of it you will. Will that father make a path to shine after him? Will that mother make a path to shine after her? You will be walking along these streets, or along that country road, 500 years from now in the character of your descendants. They will be affected by your courage or your cowardice, your purity or your depravity, your holiness or your sin. You will make the path to shine after you or blacken after you. Why should they point out to us on some mountain two rivulets, one of which passes down into the rivers which pour out into the Pacific ocean, and the other rivulet flowing down into the rivers which pass out into the Atlantic ocean? Every man, every woman, stands at a point where every word spoken, or deeds done, or prayers offered, decide opposite destinies and opposite eternities.

I find here a man who starts out in life with the determination that he will never see suffering but he will try to alleviate it; and never see discouragement but he will try to cheer it; and never meet with anybody but he will try to do him good. Getting strength from God, he starts from home with high purpose of doing all the good he can possibly do in one day. Whether standing behind the counter, or talking in the business office with a pen behind his ear or making a bargain with a fellow-trader, or out in the fields discussing with his next neighbor the wisest rotation of crops, or in the shoemaker's shop pounding the sole-leather, there is something in his face, and in his phraseology, and in his manner, that demonstrates the grace of God in the heart. He can talk on religion without awkwardly dragging it by in the ears. He loves God, and loves the souls of all whom he meets, present and future. For fifty or sixty years eternal destiny. For fifty or sixty years he lives that kind of life and then gets through with it and goes into heaven a ransomed soul.

At this moment there are more people crying than laughing; more people on the round world this moment hungry than well-fed; more households bereft than homes unbroken. What are you going to do about it? "Well," says yonder soul, "I would like to do something toward illuminating the great ocean of human wretchedness, but I cannot do much. Can you do as much as one of the phosphori in the middle of the Atlantic ocean, creatures smaller than the point of a sharp pin? Oh, yes," you say. Then do that. Shine! Stand before the looking-glass and experiment to see if you cannot get that scowl off your forehead, and that peevish look out of your lips. Have at least one bright ribbon in your bonnet. Embroider at least one white cord somewhere in the midnight of your apparel. Do not any longer impersonate a funeral! Shine! Do say something cheerful about society, and about the world. Put a few drops of heaven into your disposition. Once in a while substitute for a sweet orange for a sour lemon. Remember that pessimism is blasphemy, and that optimism is Christianity. Throw some light on the night ocean. If you cannot be a lantern swinging in the rigging, be one of the tiny phosphori back of the keel. Shine! "Let your light so shine before men that others seeing your good works may glorify your Father which is in heaven." Make one person happy every day and do that for twenty years and you will have made 7,300 happy. You know a man who has lost all his property by an unfortunate investment, or by putting his name on the back of a friend's note? After you have taken a brief nap, which every man and woman is entitled to on a Sunday afternoon, go and cheer up that man. You can, if God helps you, say something that will do him good after both of you have been dead a thousand years. Shine! You know of a family with a bad boy who has run away from home. Go before night and tell that father and mother the parable of the prodigal son, and that some of the illustrious and useful men now in church and state had a silly passage in their lives and ran away from home. Shine! You know of a family that has lost a child, and the silence of the nursery glooms the whole house from cellar to garret. Go before night and tell them how much that child has happily escaped, since the most prosperous life on earth is a struggle. Shine!

You know some invalid who is dying for lack of an appetite. She cannot get well because she cannot eat. Broil a chicken and take it to her before night, and cheat her poor appetite into keen relish. Shine! You know of some one who likes you, and you like him, and he ought to be a Christian. Go tell him what religion has done for you, and ask him if you can pray for him. Shine! Oh, for a disposition so charged with sweetness and light that we cannot help but shine. Remember if you cannot be a leviathan lashing the ocean into fury, you can be one of the phosphori, doing your part toward making a path of phosphorescence. Then I will tell you what impression you will leave as you pass through this life and after you are gone. I will tell you to your face and not leave it for the minister who officiates at your obsequies. The failure in all eulogism of the departed is that they cannot hear it. All hear it except the one most interested. This, in substance, is what I or some one else will say of you on such an occasion: "We gather for offices of respect to this departed one. It is impossible to tell how many tears he wiped away; how many burdens he lifted, or how many souls he was under God instrumentol in saving. His influence will never cease. We are all better for having known him. That pillow of flowers on the casket was presented by his Sabbath school class, all of whom he brought to Christ. That cross of flowers at the head was presented by the orphan asylum which he befriended. Those three single flowers—one was sent by a poor woman for whom he bought a ton of coal, and one was by a waif of the street whom he rescued through the midnight mission, and the other was from a prison cell which he had often visited to encourage repentance in a young man who had done wrong. Those three loose flowers mean quite as much as the costly garlands now breathing their aroma through this saddened home crowded with sympathizers." Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them. Or if it should be the more solemn burial at sea, let it be after the sun has gone down, and the captain has read the appropriate liturgy, and the ship's bell has tolled, and you are let down from the stern of the vessel into the splendent phosphorescence at the wake of the ship. Then let some one say, in the words of my text, "He maketh a path to shine after him."

HE WASN'T HUNGRY.

But He Had Tested the Free Meal Ticket System Clear Through.

A thin man, dressed in very old and very ragged clothes, stood on the corner of Washington and Exchange streets about 8 o'clock last evening and shivered. He looked cold. His face was pinched and drawn and his nose was blue.

He accosted a well-dressed man who was coming down Washington street. "Please, boss," he said, "will you kindly give me a few cents towards getting' somethin' t' eat? I've been two days without a thing passin' my lips but water, an' I'm weak an' faint with hunger. Besides, I've walked the streets for t'ree days an' I'm about dead."

The well-dressed man walked by and paid no attention to the tramp, says the Buffalo Express. The tramp looked after him and cursed under his breath. Then another well-dressed man came along and the tramp accosted him. "Say, boss," he said, "I'm hungry. I aint eat in t'ree days. I'm out of work an' I'm starvin'. Gimme a few cents t' help me along an' you'll never miss it."

The tramp took courage and he told his tale of woe again, embellishing it with several new and pathetic features.

"Haven't eaten anything in three days, eh?" asked the well-dressed man.

"No, I hain't, boss, so help me. I hain't had a thing since early Saturday mornin'."

"Been in Buffalo all the time?"

"Yessir. I bin riht here, but they's so many fellers like me that you can't git nothin'."

"How much will do you?" said the well-dressed man, fumbling in his vest pocket.

The tramp's face lighted up. "Anythin' ye like, boss," he replied, "only let it be big enuff t' git me a meal."

The well-dressed man hesitated. He was lost inthought, apparently. Then he reached into an inside pocket and pulled out a pocket-book. The tramp's eyes bulged out and he started forward. The well-dressed man opened the pocket-book and took out a square bit of pasteboard. The tramp held out his hard. "There," said the well-dressed man, "I guess that will fix you."

"What is it, boss?" asked the tramp, eagerly. "Hain't a check, is it?"

"No, it's a meal ticket."

The tramp fell back. His face was the picture of disappointed hope. He shook his head.

"Don't you want it?" asked the well-dressed man.

"Naw," replied the tramp. "I don't want it."

"But I thought you hadn't eaten anything for three days."

The tramp smiled derisely. "Dat's my game of talk for t' fetch gillies," he said, as he started to move away. "T'ings has cum t' such a pass here dat you can't git money any more." Then, as if moved by some sudden revulsion of feeling, he exclaimed: "Meal ticket? Wy I got my pocket full ov 'em. So's every good fly man in de town, an' wese all dyin' fer sumpin' t' drink. Meal ticket? Wy on d' dead, boss, I got d' worse case ov dyspepsy y' ever se all frum dem meal tickets, an' de hull community of fly fellers is in de same fix."

And he moved off down the street briskly, leaving the well-dressed man staring after him in blank amazement.

Brace the Nerves.

Sedatives and opiates won't do it. These nervines do not make the nerves strong, and failing to do this fall short of producing the essential of their quietude—vigor. And while in extreme cases—and these only—of nervous irritation such drugs may be advisable, their frequent use is highly prejudicial to the delicate organism upon which they act, and in order to renew their quieting effect increases and dangerous doses eventually become necessary. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is an efficient substitute for such pernicious drugs. It quiets the nerves by bracing, toning and strengthening them. The connection between weakness of the nervous system and that of the organs of digestion is a strong and sympathetic link. The Bitters by imparting a healthful impulse to the digestive and assimilating functions, promotes throughout the whole system a vigor in which the nerves come in for a large share. Use the Bitters in malaria, constipation, bilious and kidney trouble.

Maternal Discernment.

A Woodward avenue girl had a talk with her mother the other morning about a woman's capabilities and duties.

"Don't you think, mamma, I ought to learn to keep house?"

"Certainly, my dear," was the prompt response.

"And how to cook?"

"Of course."

"And how to wash and iron?"

"Possibly."

"And how to do my own sewing?"

"And how to mend papa's clothes, sew on his buttons and darn his socks?"

The mother gazed at her daughter curiously.

"My dear," she said earnestly, "I do hope you are not thinking about marrying that poor young man who is coming to see you," and the daughter denied it, of course.—Detroit Free Press.

Anxiety to See the Monson Trial.

The rush to obtain seats at the Monson trial, as our correspondent has pointed out, is very great, and according to the Scottish Leader, many persons have, by means of begging, borrowing or stealing robes, succeeded in passing the representatives of the secular arm at the door. "A wig is unnecessary to complete the disguise, as bona fide agents of the law courts simply require to don a robe of some sort to pass muster. The robes brought out for the occasion are antique in pattern and ill fitting in the extreme. Short men have long robes and tall men assume short robes. When one of the constables responsible for admitting so many laymen was examined on the subject he replied: 'Hoo was I tae ken? I never was on this beat afore?'"—Westminster Gazette.

A Campaign of Moral Ideas.

"Great excitement in Brownsborough, you say?"

"Yes. Wet and dry contest."

"Each side trying to get votes, eh?"

"Yes. The preachers walk the streets at night, singing, 'We Won't Go Home Till Morning,' and the saloon keepers have given $20,000 to foreign missions."—Puck.

She Knew Too Much.

Mr. Jam—What do you mean by putting my jewelry in this water?

Servant—It won't hurt 'em, mum; I heerd they've been in soak menny a tolme!—Judge.

A Conundrum.

Briggs—"How do you contrive to tell your house at night?"

Griggs—"By the lamp post in front of it."

Briggs—"But how do you tell the lamp post?"—Exchange.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell any thing, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest, and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

A Money Catechism.

R. A., Carlton, Pa., and others: In order to avoid the constant repetition, we throw together the following replies, under one general head:

"1.—What is money and what are its functions?" Money is a medium of exchange, and also a commodity. It either possesses value through the medium of which it is composed, when gold or silver; or has a credit value when a promise to pay (as a bank note or greenback). Hence its function is to facilitate buying and selling. As a commodity it is loaned (which is the same as renting it.)

"2.—Who has the power to make it, or by what authority is money made or coined?" The coining of money is one of the powers of all governments.

"3.—Does the constitution state the kind of material or substance of which money shall be made or coined?" No, certainly not. Gold and silver have been the money metals for the civilized world for thousands of years, and there was no need of specifying.

"4.—Does our constitution or law speak of or contemplate anything but a 100-cent dollar?" The constitution simply grants the power to coin money. The law says the cent shall be the one-hundredth of the dollar. So, if the value of the dollar was to be changed, it would still be a "100-cent dollar."

"5.—What is meant by a 57-cent dollar?" It refers to the fact that our coinage law says that the dollar shall consist of 25.8 grains of standard gold (one-tenth alloy); or of 412 1-2 grains of standard silver (one-tenth alloy.) These two coins are called dollars; but as gold is the standard, and has been for a generation (since 1853), the value of the gold dollar is what is meant when we speak of a dollar's worth of any article. Compared with the gold dollar a silver dollar is worth only a little over 50 cents in actual value; that is, the silver in it is only worth that much. But it passes for the same as a gold dollar because any one can take silver dollars to the Treasury and get Treasury notes in exchange; and for these Treasury notes he can get gold on demand at the Treasury. Hence the silver dollar is held up to the gold dollar in value. The fact that there has been, for 20 years, a steady, progressive fall in the price of silver the world over, accounts for the silver dollar not having a dollar's worth of silver in it; and in this is the danger from the free coinage of silver dollars.

"6.—Is there any money of the world? Can or does one country make money for other countries?" Gold is the only money metal coined by all nations, and a full legal tender in all countries. So it is often called the "money of the world." Sometimes the mints of one country make coins for another country; but gold coin, when taken to another country than that which coins it, is generally recoined.

"7.—Does United States money, either gold, silver or paper, pass as money in England, or any foreign country; or, in other words, is it legal tender?" No.

"8.—In paying balances between countries, does gold or silver money pass by count, or by weight and fineness?" Coin passes by weight and fineness, but there is no loss on gold coin, as its bullion value is the same as its face value. Silver coin, of course, as it must be taken at its value as bullion only, and this would be a loss of 43 to 50 cents on every dollar.

"9.—Would $1,000 of our gold coin pay a debt in England and would it equal or bring $1,000 there?" Yes, to both questions, because its value as bullion is as great as its face value. Silver would not, as explained above.

Legal Holidays.

G. R., New Waverly, Ind., asks: "How many national holidays are there, and what are they?"

There are no national holidays. A "national holiday" would be one established by law of Congress, and Congress has never assumed the power to establish one. All legal holidays are established by state law. The legal holidays established by law in the various states are:

Jan. 1, New Year's day—All the states except Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Rhode Island.

Jan. 8, anniversary of the battle of New Orleans—Louisiana.

Jan. 19, Lee's birthday—Georgia, North Carolina, Virginia.

March 2, Mardi Gras—Shrove Tuesday—Alabama, Louisiana.

Feb. 12, Lincoln's birthday—Illinois.

Feb. 22, Washington's birthday—All the states except Arkansas, Iowa and Mississippi.

March 2, anniversary of Texan Independence—Texas.

Good Friday—Alabama, Louisiana, Maryland, Pennsylvania and Tennessee.

April 21, anniversary battle of San Jacinto—Texas.

April 26, Memorial Day—Alabama and Georgia.

May 10, Memorial Day—North Carolina.

May 20, anniversary of Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence—North Carolina.

May 30, Memorial Day—Arizona, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Maine, Mary and, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Tennessee, Utah, Vermont, Wisconsin, Washington, Wyoming.

June 3, Jeff Davis's birthday—Florida.

July 4, Independence Day—All the states.

July 24, Pioneers' Day—Utah.

Sept. 3, 1894, Labor Day—California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Montana, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Virginia, Washington.

Sept. 9, admission Day—California.

Oct. 31, Admission Day—Nevada.

General Election Day—Arizona, California, Florida, Idaho, Indiana, Kansas, Maryland, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, West Virginia, Washington, Wisconsin, Wyoming.

Thanksgiving Day—Is observed in all the states, but is not a statutory holiday in all.

Nov. 25, Labor Day—Louisiana.

Dec. 25, Christmas Day—In all the states and in South Carolina the two succeeding days also.

Sundays (and fast days, whenever appointed) are legal holidays in all the states.

Arbor Day—Kansas, Rhode Island and Wyoming, on a date set by the governor; in Nebraska, April 22; in California, Sept. 9; Colorado, the third Friday in April; Montana, third Tuesday in April; Utah, first Saturday in April; Idaho, on the Friday after May 1.

William Penn.

H. N. W., Coventryville, N. Y.: William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, was born in London, England, Oct. 14, 1644; died in Ruscombe, a town of Berkshire, England, July 30, 1718. His father was Admiral William Penn. While young Penn was a student at Oxford he heard a Quaker preach, and became an adherent of their doctrines. His absence from church service at college was noticed, and he was fined. He and his friends objected to wearing the college gowns, which they considered "popish usage," and for this Penn was finally expelled from the university. His father sent him to France, where he was presented to Louis XIV., and became a frequent guest at court. On getting for a time his Quaker ideas. He returned to England in 1644, was taken to court, and became a general favorite. He then began to study law. In 1665 the plague appeared in London, and the fear of death revived his religious fervor. He then went to Ireland, to manage two estates belonging to his family. In Cork he heard the same Quaker preacher who had made so powerful an impression on him at Oxford, and finally embraced that faith. This displeased his father, who turned him out of his house, but afterward relented. Penn then wrote a number of religious tracts, one of which, "The Sandy Foundation Shaken," bodly opposed the doctrine of the Trinity, and for this, through the influence of the Bishop of London, he was imprisoned in the Tower for eight months, when his release was ordered, through the influence of the Duke of York. Penn was several times arrested for preaching, and other religious offenses, and once was imprisoned in Newgate for six months. He married in 1672. The government owed his father (who died in 1670) about £16,000, and Penn proposed that he receive a grant of land in the colonies in payment. This was accepted, and the charter of Pennsylvania was granted by Charles II., in 1681.

The Business Depression.

O. S., Milledgeville, Pa., and A. H. B., Hector, Ind.: It certainly needs no proof that the business depression was caused directly by the result of the elections of 1892. Take wool manufactures, for instance. Goods are manufactured from six months to a year before they reach the consumer. Thus, the wool clip of last year would be bought up during the summer, and manufactured during the fall and winter into cloth to put on the market next fall. With the certainty that Congress would pass a low-tariff bill, a manufacturer would lack business sense to pile up a stock of goods whose value would be injured by that bill. As a result, the woolen mills run only to fill orders, and did not pile up a stock ahead. Consequently, employes were idle. Then wholesalers did not accumulate stocks of goods in advance, for the same reason; and retailers did the same thing. With these conditions existing in all industries to be affected by a change in the tariff laws, it is no wonder the business depression was wide-spread. Now, every one is trying to accommodate himself to the coming change. Some industrial establishments are resuming, but not with a full complement of hands, and generally at reductions in wages.

Another Stupid Falsehood.

D. J. C., Axtell, Neb., writes: "Some of our Democratic friends are trying to make us believe that ex-Secretary Foster had plates made from which to print bonds at the time he and President Harrison had a talk about the issue of bonds, and that Secretary Carlisle is going to use the same plates to make the bonds that he is going to issue. Is there any truth in the story?"

None whatever. The present writer had a talk with Mr. Foster when he attended a meeting of the trustees of the Toledo Insane asylum, of which body he is chairman, about three weeks ago. He said that he and President Harrison never discussed the bond question at all, and that no plates were either ordered or made. This settles that lie conclusively. But suppose that it had been true? What was there wrong in it, and what fault can the Democrats find? The evil is in the necessity for borrowing money to pay the government's running expenses, not in making plates from which to print bonds.

Capt. Eads.

M. M. E., Sarcoxie, Mo.: Capt. James B. Eads was born in Lawrenceburg, Ind., in 1820; died in the Bahama Islands in 1887. He was a mechanical genius, and a mechanical engineer of the highest ability. In 1833 he settled in St. Louis, and in 1842 built a diving-bell to recover the cargoes of sunken steamers, and later built boats to pump out sunken boats and set them afloat. In 1845 he established at St. Louis the first glassworks west of Ohio river. In 1861 he was called to Washington by President Lincoln to consult about the possibility of building iron-clads for service on the Western rivers. He constructed eight of these in 100 days, which were employed in the capture of Fort Henry in February, 1862. He later built many other iron-clads and monitors. From 1867 to 1874 he was engaged in building the great bridge across the Mississippi at St. Louis. He then constructed the jetty system at the mouth of the Mississippi river.

Foreign Capital.

R. W. Y., Linden, Iowa: There is considerable foreign capital invested in American stocks and bonds—estimated at about $1,500,000,000. The larger part of this is in railway stocks. There is a foolish idea among the people that this is a detriment to the country. We have never been able to see why. Suppose the case of a man who needs capital to run a manufacturing establishment in order to give work to men. He borrows money. He can make a good profit if it runs, can give employment to labor, and thus benefit the town where it is located. What does it matter whether he borrows money in Cincinnati, or Chicago, or New York, or London? The thi industry of this country is that of manufacturing th plate. The th mines are not developed yet, and we don't know whether any foreign capital is invested in the work of developing the mines or not.

Monuments in National Cemeteries.

G. W. B., Sardis, Tenn., asks: "Is there any law that would prohibit the comrades or relatives from erecting monuments or larger stones in the place of the small ones that mark the graves of the dead soldiers in the national cemetery at Pittsburg Landing?"

The law regarding the erection of monuments in national cemeteries provides that this may be done, if the consent of the superintendent of the cemetery be obtained in each case, which involves his approval of the monument itself; and the work of putting it at the grave must be done under his direction, and without expense to the government.

The Austrian Succession.

H. H., Clinton Furnace, W. Va., asks: "At his death, who will succeed, Francis Joseph, the Emperor of Austria?"

At the death of Crown Prince Rudolph in 1889, the right of succession to the throne passed to the Emperor Franc s Joseph's oldest brother, the Archduke Charles Louis: next to the latter's oldest son, Archduke Francis, who is unmarried; next to the second son, Archduke Otho; next to the latter's son, Archduke Charles, a boy of 7 years.

Postal Clerks.

J. D. G., Verdon, Neb.: We have stated time and again, that any one desirous of knowing the qualifications necessary for postal clerks or any other government appointment under the civil service rules, should write to "Hon. John T. Doyle, Secretary U. S. Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C." stating what position they have in view being examined for, and asking for the necessary information. A circular giving it will be mailed by him.

A Recipe Wanted.

S. P., Plymouth, O., asks how "to stain hard wood an ebony or black—something that will penetrate the wood. I have a dozen recipes, but they only stain the outside, and soon wear off."

Who can send us a recipe for publication that he knows will fill the bill?

Pension Questions.

J. L. L., Joplin, Mo.: Under the pension law of June 27, 1890, if a soldier married after that law had passed, and afterward dies, his widow cannot receive a pension.

J. W. P., Chester, Pa.: The act of Congress changing the payment of commutation for limbs from five to three years, was passed in 1890.

Miscellaneous.

C. H. W., Mapleton, Minn.: We do not know who is the author.

W. M. C., Dudley, Iowa: We do not know; never heard of him.

S. G. R., Cranberry, O.: We do not know of any such publication.

F. E., Somerset, Ind.: Chicago is the greatest wheat market in the world.

P. A. T., Rockford, N. Y.: The horse has no gall-bladder. The bile, as fast as secreted by the liver, passes into the alimentary canal.

W. T. S., Cameron, W. Va.: We do not understand what you mean by "the labor exchange." Explain, and repeat your question, and we will try to answer.

W. A. S., Corry, Pa.: Hoke Smith's wife is a daughter of Hon. Howell Cobb, of Georg a, who was Speaker of the House of Representatives before the war.

R. C. M., Langdon, Kan.: We have not the data at hand to answer your question, but we would never believe, without proof, any political statement the gentleman makes.

J. B. R., Stafford, Kan.: We can't spare the space to do justice to the infamous article in the clipping you send. We get loaded down with such requests, which we are obliged to decline.

J. S., Grand Junction, Colo.: We think it will be sufficient to send two copies of the periodical containing the copyrighted article. Better write to the Librarian of Congress, however, and inquire.

B. A. H., Pleasant Hall, Pa.: No doubt the Hawaiians will form a permanent government in place of the provisional one. There is nothing to remedy. Things are going along very nicely over there.

N. B., Eagle Grove, Iowa: Rogers's statuettes are made of clay—terra cotta. We can not describe the process, save that a mold is made of roller composition (glue and molasses) and the figures molded in that.

F. M. B., Chatwood, Va.: Nobody knows certainly who is the wealthiest man in the world, because no one knows the exact wealth of many men. Can you tell the exact wealth—not a mere estimate—of the hundred richest men in Virginia?

F. A., Fairfield, Iowa: The National Road was built by the United States government, and a large part of the money came out of the national treasury—though we believe each state through which it passes, paid a portion of the cost of construction.

H. B., Lineville, Iowa: The wearing of silk gowns by justices of the Supreme court of the United States is a custom which came over to us from Eng and, where the judges of all the higher courts wear gowns and wigs. The same custom obtains in France. Many other officials in foreign countries wear gows or wigs, or both.—Regarding the identity of Mrs. Southworth's "Ishmael Worth" with William Wirt, if you read the life of the latter you will find that there is no agreement between the two.

What Did She Mean?

Cheaply Fashionable Lady (to friend)—"Tell me, where did you buy your spats?"

Friend—"Oh, I forgot the name—some shop in Shoe lane. They're not very good ones."

Cheaply Fashionable Lady—"I didn't want very good ones."

Friend—"No, I didn't suppose you did."—London Judy.

Why Should She Be Interested?

Professor Graylocks—You do not appear to be much interested in the study of Prehistoric Man.

Miss Goldenhair—Mercy, no! He's dead!—Puck.

Letters from Mothers

speak in warm terms of what Scott's Emulsion has done for their delicate, sickly children. It's use has brought thousands back to rosy health.

Scott's Emulsion

of cod-liver oil with Hypophosphites is employed with great success in all ailments that reduce flesh and strength. Little ones take it with relish.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

PUFFS AND TOPKNOTS.

The Latest Styles in Parisian Coiffures Are Old-Fashioned.

The styles of hairdressing of the early Victorian era are being revived in earnest in Paris, all the newest coiffures emanating from there showing puffs over the ears and high topknots tied with ribbon. For the young lady's coiffure illustrated, the hair is parted in the center, forming

HERE'S ONE STYLE.

on each side of the face full expanding bandeaux composed of a series of waved rolls, the ends of which are twisted and disappear at the back under the chignon, which is headed with a soft saussage roll, brought to the top of the head and apparently resting on a huge flying bow in watered silk ribbon.

In the second headdress two partings, a straight and a horizontal one, divide the hair into three parts; the two in front are smooth on the brow, and made to describe

AND HERE'S ANOTHER.

at the sides three graduated curls or rolls placed together rather slantwise. A twist of velvet ribbon coils round the conspicuous knot of hair loops, intermingled with a few frizettes and two ribbon loops. The back of the hair is loosely waved.

Economy and Strength.

Valuable vegetable remedies are used in the preparation of Hood's Sarsaparilla in such a peculiar manner as to retain the full medicinal value of every ingredient. Thus Hood's Sarsaparilla combines economy and strength, and is the only remedy of which "100 Doses One Dollar" is true. Be sure to get Hood's.

Hood's Pills do not purge, pain or gripe but act promptly, easily and efficiently.

How They Vote in New Zealand.

A correspondent of the Birmingham (Eng.) Daily Post, writing from Wellington, New Zealand, gives an entertaining account of the manner in which the women of that colony made use of their newly acquired voting privileges. He says: "They registered in thousands, and throughout the whole election campaign displayed a most laudable desire to learn their new duties. Afternoon meetings for women only, at which the more social sides of politics were dealt with, and the new electors instructed how to use their votes, became part of every candidate's work. 'Heckling' there often was, and that of the keenest description, so much so that some candidates have declared they would sooner face double the number of men than be hauled over the coals as they were by these gentle electors. With all the impulsiveness of their sex, the women became almost more partisan than the men, and lucky was the candidate whom they favored. For him were crowded and enthusiastic meetings, ovations when he rose, and often showers of bouquets when he sat down; while in many cases the vote of thanks and confidence was moved or seconded by some illustrious elector, who heard her own voice for the first time in public. Women thronged his committee rooms, and canvassed for votes with a charming persistency which would not be denied. The whole battery of women's arguments, personal and theoretical, were brought to bear on the recalcitrant male elector who was suspected of a leaning to the other side, and, as has been said, throughout the whole of the campaign, the newly enfranchised took a deep interest in the questions at issue and in the result of the contest. It is gratifying to be able to say that, as was expected would be the case, women's influence was wholly for good in the conduct of one of the most keenly contested elections that have ever been held in New Zealand, and in no case, so far as can be ascertained, was a candidate subjected to the indignities which have at other times disgraced political meetings." It is estimated that one-third of the total vote was cast by women, and the number of defective ballots was astonishingly small.—Woman's Journal.

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young man, old or middle-aged man, suffering from nervous debility, premature decay, lost vigor, lack of vitality, vericocele, etc., will write me, I will send him a plain envelope sealed, free, full particulars for a certain speedy and permanent cure. Address, G. B. Wright, Music Dealer, Box 1203, Marshall, Mich.

What a Man Dreads.

Frequently there is nothing a man more dreads than his wife's inquiring "Well?" when he goes home. Strong-hearted men have sometimes to nerve themselves for this on the way. A man bought a country house. The weather was hot and the women of the family made haste to move. There was, however, some delay about the title and the man refused to take possession until this was made clear. Each side held off, and day after day passed. Every night when the man went home four women met him at the door, and each said, "Well?" The carpets were up, the curtains were down, the clothes, books and crockery were packed. The sun woke him at an unearthly hour, his foot gave hollow echo on the bare floors, all his dearest possessions were inaccessible in baskets and boxes. For three weeks he went through all these peculiar discomforts, miseries and perturbations that men suffer while women revel in house cleaning raids. But these were nothing to the nervousness he suffered each day when called upon to meet at the door of his house the "Well?" of his wife and three daughters.—Chicago Times.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

The Sunday School.

Selling the Birthright.

LESSON IX, MARCH 4, 1894.

Golden Text—The life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment.—Luke xii, 23.

LESSON TEXT.
(Gen. xxv. 27-34.)

27. And the boys grew: and Esau was a cunning hunter, a man of the field; and Jacob was a plain man, dwelling in tents.

28. And Isaac loved Esau, because he did eat of his venison: but Rebekah loved Jacob.

29. And Jacob sod pottage: and Esau came from the field, and was faint.

30. And Esau said to Jacob, Feed me, I pray thee, with that same red pottage; for I am faint: therefore was his name called Edom.

31. And Jacob said, Sell me this day thy birthright.

32. And Esau said, Behold, I am at the point to die: and what profit shall this birthright do to me?

33. And Jacob said, Swear to me this day: and he sware unto him: and he sold his birthright unto Jacob.

34. Then Jacob gave Esau bread and pottage of lentiles; and he did eat and drink, and rose up, and went his way. Thus Esau despised his birthright.

Illustrative Applications.

And the boys grew (v. 27). Boys have a habit of growing. They grow daytimes, when they are busy at play; and they grow nights, when they've nothing else to do. And as boys grow their habits grow. Large boys are not the same as they were when they were small boys. The time for a boy to begin to train himself is before he has done growing. And if parents would have their boys good when they are grown, they must be busy in their behalf while they are growing.

Isaac loved Esau, because he did eat of his venison (v. 28). It is a poor kind of love that pivots on venison; but there's a good deal of love of that kind. And one who is loved usually measures the worth of the love that is given him by its prompting cause. If a son is loved because he is loving, or because he is truthful, or pure-minded, or honest, or courageous, or studious, he is stimulated to better doing in that particular line. But if he is loved because he tickles his father's palate, or because he is full of fun, or because he is sly and tricky with the neighbors, he sees an advantage in working for love in such ways. Why we love our children is a question of practical importance to our children as well as to ourselves.

Rebekah loved Jacob. A mother's love is very beautiful when it is beautiful—nothing can be more beautiful than that. But if a weak and untruthful woman loves her son, and wants him to be weak and untruthful, he is not sure to be the better for his mother's love. Many a mother has been the ruin of a son she loved. Love must be of the right sort, and rightly directed, to be a blessing in any line.

Jacob sod pottage. Esau came in from the field, and he was faint (v. 29). How much depends on opportunity! There is no harm in cooking a dinner, and there is no harm in being hungry. But just when a hot dinner is steaming up with its savory smell, and a hungry man comes along ready to faint, there is an opportunity for the owner of the dinner to drive a sharp bargain, and for the hungry man to make a fool of himself. Extra wisdom, extra strength and a good supply of decency, are needed to keep men straight in such an hour of temptation. Our dangers spring on us in our every-day opportunities.

Jacob said, Sell me this day thy birthright. And Esau sold his birthright unto Jacob. So Esau despised his birthright (vs. 31-34). There are different kinds of meanness. One mean man will scrimp his outlay for necessary food, and decent clothing in order to buy books or to get an education. Another mean man will sell his mother's Bible to get a drink of whisky. There is no merit in any meanness, but one meanness may be meaner than another meanness. It is not right to do a mean thing even in the hope of winning heaven by it. But the meanest kind of meanness is that of a man who will sell his good name, his honor, and his hope of heaven for one square meal, when he is too tired, or too lazy, to cook his own supper or go to bed without it.—H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.

FOR SLEEPLESSNESS

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

If you a poor sleeper, not only do not forget to put on your night-cap, but on retiring also take a night-cap of Horsford's Acid Phosphate, to make assurance doubly sure.

THAT BIG BLACK BOW

Is Here to Stay—For a Season or Two at Least.

Now that there is a promise of spring in the shop windows spring neck gear is not without interest. The prettiest substitute for the little mink or Persian lamb boa that has twined itself about the winter girl's neck and heart-strings is the big cravat of black moire with yellowish lace ends. Already certain variations of this

long black tie are abroad in the land. The prettiest has one of the strings cut in a slanting line that tapers from the full width of the ribbon at the bow to a point at the end and has yellow laces ruffled on to form a jabot down the front. When worn with a hat as fashioned and belaced as the spring hat promises to be, this neck wrap will be striking enough for the most exacting woman.

A Relative.

The young man was being entertained by the small boy while he waited for the young lady to appear.

"I say," said the youngster, after a long list of questions, "your mother doesn't live here, does she?"

"No; she lives in Saginaw."

"You haven't got any relations here either, have you?"

"None at all."

"I said so," said the small boy, in a satisfied way.

"Said it to whom?"

"To sister when she said she believed your uncle had your watch, 'cause you never took it out to see if it was time to go."—Exchange.

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TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1894.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 100,000

THE LAST TIME!

This week is the last time that Coupon No. 1 will be published. Next week we shall publish No. 2, which will be for the second four parts of that magnificent art series, "Sights and Scenes of the World." All who desire to begin with this series should work to get the one subscriber which will entitle them to the first four parts. Read the offer attentively—you will find it on the fifth page—and avail yourself of it within the coming week. Will those of our friends who have already secured the first four parts write us how they like them, on a postal card?

"THE FOUNDATIONS OF FINANCE."

The financial questions now before the nation, and others likely to arise in the near future, ought to be understood thoroughly by every voter, that his vote may be intelligently cast. How many of the readers of The Blade can answer at once and correctly this series of questions, for example:

Why did Secretary Carlisle prefer to sell bonds to the amount of $50,000,000, instead of asking Congress to authorize him to issue that amount of greenbacks?

Why does money loan at from 1 to 2 per cent. now in New York, yet a farmer in Kansas have to pay 10 or 12 per cent?

What is the real reason that national banks are preferred to state banks by the mass of intelligent people?

What is the valid objection to gold as the only standard of monetary value?

What are the only drawbacks to the greenback as paper money?

Why is it that all the leading nations of the world have made gold the sole basis of their monetary systems?

What is the distinction between wealth and money?

What is the distinction between real money and credit money?

Why, in times of dull business, does money accumulate in our cities, especially New York?

We propose beginning, in a few weeks, a series of articles in the Weekly Blade under this title—"The Foundations of Finance." We shall explain, in clear, concise language, the history of money, and give, in compact form, the basic principles on which all financial authorities are agreed. These will enable the reader to answer such questions as those given above, and detect the fallacies in any financial argument. The series will be really a text-book of correct knowledge on finance.

This series will be written only for the Weekly Blade, and will NOT be printed in any other paper, nor in book form. The series alone will be worth the price of the Weekly Blade a year, thrice over. Due notice will be given of the beginning of the series.

OUR NEW STORY.

Next week we shall publish the last instalment of our present serial, and begin the opening chapters of the new serial by Fergus Hume, entitled "The Lone Inn." It is a most interesting story, and every one will be fascinated by it. Read the first instalment, and you will agree with us most heartily.

AN INSTRUCTIVE REVIEW.

A New Hampshire manufacturer has made an investigation into the average rate of wages paid to employes in the mills of that state—men, boys and women—under the different tariffs since 1848. The tabulation is an instructive one:

1848, Walker free trade tariff, 50.7 cents per day of 14 hours, 3.62 cents per hour.

1853, Walker free trade tariff, 57.4 cents per day of 14 hours, 4.1 cents per hour.

1861, Morrill protective tariff, about 50 cents per day of 11 hours, 4 6-11 cents per hour.

1864, Morrill protective tariff, about 60 cents per day of 11 hours, 5 5-11 cents per hour.

1869, Morrill protective tariff, $1.16 per day of 11 hours, 10½ cents per hour.

1892, McKinley protective tariff, $1.57 per day of 10 hours, 15.7 cents per hour.

For 1893 the wage rate showed a slight increase over 1892, until the panic stopped business.

Note the fact that the working hours were 14 per day until Republican rule began. Then they dropped to 11 hours and later to 10 hours. The steady growth in actual wages was supplemented by the decrease in the daily number of hours of toil. From 3.62 cents an hour, working 14 hours a day, under the Walker tariff in 1848, the increase was to 15.7 cents an hour, working 10 hours a day, under the McKinley tariff in 1892—an advance of almost 500 per cent.

The one link binding Shakespeare's time to the present is about to be broken. Every one familiar with the few facts we possess concerning the life of the bard of Avon knows that when he was a young man, a Sir Thomas Lucy lived at Charlecote Hall, near his home; that he stole deer in the Charlecote park, that Lucy tried to punish him, which caused Shakespeare to fly to London, and begin that marvelous career which has so enriched the English literature. The Lucy family have lived in their ancestral home ever since; but now they have fallen on evil times, and Charlecote Hall is to be sold. When this is done, and the Lucys gone, the only bond there is between the Elizabethan days when Shakespeare flourished, and the present day, will have been dissolved. There will be regret the world over because of the departure of the Lucys from Charlecote.

Henri Watterson, in a talk at St. Paul the other day, voiced an opinion concerning Cleveland which will meet with the emphatic assent of every thinking man in the country. Said he: "If Cleveland's second term had come first, he never would have had a second." And the genial Kentuckian might have added that if Watterson had had his way, Cleveland would never have had a second term, anyhow.

WHY LIQUORS ARE INJURIOUS.

We have in two previous articles discussed the point that intoxicating liquors act injuriously upon the human body; that they are not true foods, and do not perform any food function, save in a degree so small as to be imperceptible; and that the action of the alcohol which is their principal constituent is always more or less harmful. But in these papers we have by no means exhausted the high scientific authorities who have spoken, or written upon this subject. Sir Henry Thompson, perhaps the greatest authority on dietetics in this country, in his work, "Diet in Relation to Age and Activity," published in London in 1886, says: "Enough, and more than enough, perhaps, has been uttered concerning the prejudicial effects on the body of habitually using alcoholic beverages. It is rare now to find any one, well acquainted with human physiology, and capable of observing and appreciating the ordinary wants and usages of life around him, who does not believe that, with few exceptions, men and women are healthier and stronger, physically, intellectually and morally, without such drinks than with them."

Perhaps one of the most distressing direct effects of drinking is the injury to the digestive organs. Drs. Todd and Bowman, in their Physiological Anatomy, state positively that "alcohol retards digestion by coagulating the pepsine, and thus interfering with its action." The most recent discussion of this branch of the subject is that of Sir William Roberts in his "Lectures on Dietetics and Dyspepsia," in which he says that "ardent spirits, as used dietetically, do not hamper salivary digestion, but rather promote it, by causing an increased flow of saliva;" but that "both the stronger and the lighter wines show a powerful inhibitory effect on salivary digestion. Even so small a proportion as 1 per cent., of sherry or hock was found to paralyze saliva almost completely. Malt liquors were found to hamper salivary digestion exactly in proportion to their degree of acidity."

With regard to stomach digestion, Sir William says that his experiments "indicate that ardent spirits, as usually employed dietetically, by temperate persons, act as pure stimulants to gastric digestion, causing an increased flow of gastric juice. The less concentrated kind of alcoholic beverages, wine and beers, have an effect on peptic action which differs importantly from that of the distilled spirits. Their inhibitory influence is greatly out of proportion to the dosage of alcohol contained in them." But it will be noted that he carefully points out that distilled liquors act as stimulants to gastric digestion, by causing an increased flow of gastric juice. Is this not certain to lessen, if continued, the secreting power of the glands, by over-exerting them? Its use is like whipping a willing horse, causing him to over-exert himself. Any horseman knows that if this were made habitual it would ruin the animal.

Prof E. A. Parkes, speaking of the effect of alcohol on bodily labor, says "the inferences were that even any amount of alcohol, although it did not produce symptoms of narcosis, would act injuriously by increasing unnecessarily the action of the heart, which the labor alone had sufficiently augmented. These experiments are in accord with common experience, which shows that men engaged in very hard labor, as iron-puddlers, glass-blowers, navvies on piece work, and prize fighters during training, do their work more easily without alcohol." Of the general use of alcohol, he says: "In health, it is certainly not a necessity, and many persons are much better without it."

With this mass of evidence before us, it is foolish for any one to controvert the views expressed. Those who are endeavoring to fight the battle of temperance should see to it that the armory of facts here presented is effectively used in their warfare. When the masses of the American people understand the truth about alcohol, they will prove willing allies in the effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

CAL. AND HOKE.

White-winged peace, with her fluttering pinions, has cooled the hot blood of Cal Brice, who, through the grace of Democracy, represents Ohio in the Senate while residing in New York. The choler, or the heat under the collar, of the senator from Oyork, was the result of a call on Hoke Smith to demand the appointment of a friend to a place in the Interior department. After being allowed to cool his heels in the ante-room until he lost his temper, an underling brought him the curt message from Hoke that he could not be admitted to the Presence, but might communicate his business to his private secretary.

This was too much. Brice grew frightfully angry, and shook the dust of the department off his feet with the remark that Smith had his full and and free permission to depart at once for a locality whose flames are as lurid as the whiskers of Brice himself. And then he hied himself to his friends and aroused their sympathies for his snub, anathematizing Hoke with all the objurgations in the Tammany dialect of the Democratic language.

Of course somebody went to the White House, and poured this tale of woe into the ears of the Consecrated One. This did not suit His Highness. Brice has a vote in the Senate—though by what right the deponent hath never been able to discern. Cleveland wants Peckham confirmed, and every vote is going to count when the time comes. So he called down the gentleman from Gawgy, sah, and ordered him to make his peace with the Oyorker forthwith, and to be quick about it, too.

Hoke knows which side of his bread is buttered. He grovelled at the feet of the ruddy-whiskered senator, sent word that the underling aforementioned had made a mistake, and begged that Brice would do him the singular and special favor to call at the department at his earliest convenience to receive the assurances of the Georgian's most distinguished consideration. Hence Brice is appeased, harmony is restored, and the Consecrated One is sure of at least one vote in the Senate to confirm Peckham.

In discussing the Bland bill it is well to remember that there is no "seigniorage" in the treasury to coin. There is silver bullion sacredly pledged in support of certificates in circulation. That bullion must first be coined into cheap dollars before actual seigniorage will exist. To coin it would be an act of bad faith. It would be for the government to tamper with the assets it holds as security for the paper it has passed out to the people.

SENSATION.

NEW, THRILLING STORY

BY A

BRILLIANT SENSATIONAL WRITER,

THE LONE INN

OUR NEW NOVEL,

BY

FERGUS HUME,

Author of "THE MYSTERY OF A HANSOM CAB," "MADAME MIDAS," "THE FEVER OF LIFE," "THE QUEER STORY OF ADAM LIND," "THE RED STAR," &c., &c.

PUBLICATION OF

OUR NEW STORY

BY

FERGUS HUME,

ENTITLED,

THE LONE INN

WILL COMMENCE IN OUR COLUMNS

NEXT WEEK.

FERGUS HUME,

THE AUTHOR OF "THE MYSTERY OF A HANSOM CAB."

When "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab" was first published it was given to the world by a Melbourne firm—the author of the work being a Colonial, and at that time unknown to fame. As a Colonial story it proved far and away the greatest success of the Antipodes. Then it was taken to London, and introduced to the book-loving public of Great Britain. Its success was enormous, far exceeding the issues of "Called Back" and other sensational productions. A little later it traveled to the states, and before long was in everybody's hands. The author had leaped into universal fame, through the agency of one book.

Since then Fergus Hume has written several successful novels, but, strange to say, whilst the public like his sensational books best of all, the author himself prefers the fanciful and romantic story, and amongst his more recent works will be found "The Island of Fantasy," "Aladdin in London," and others answering to this description.

"The Lone Inn" is, however, a story of sensation, and as such we offer it to our readers.

ADLAI'S ONLY VOTE.

For the first time since he has occupied the presiding officer's chair in the United States Senate, Adlai Stevenson has had an opportunity of voting on a measure before that body. As the Vice President is not a senator, but simply, by virtue of his office, the presiding officer of that body, he has no vote on any measure save in one contingency—where the Senate is equally divided. The constitutional provision which gives him this privilege is one of doubtful utility, as there is no good reason why an outsider should have a vote in the Senate. As it requires a majority to pass a measure, a tie vote defeats it, for half the Senate is not a majority; hence this provision merely gives the Vice President power to carry a measure, if he sees fit.

In the present case, however, his maiden vote in the Senate can be approved by the people. Prior to the opening of the Cherokee Strip, the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railroad secured control, from the Indians, of two town sites on their line. The government laid out Enid and Round Pond, each distant two or three miles from the company's sites. The railroad refused to stop its trains at either Enid or Round Pond, intending thus to compel the settlers to abandon those places and buy property in the town sites it had secured. The bill was to compel the company to stop its trains at these two towns. The Senate was evenly divided—27 to 27; and the bill would have been lost had not Adlai given his vote in its favor.

Suppose, in the vote on the confirmation of Peckham, or some other appointee of Cleveland who may be obnoxious to Senator Hill, the Senate should be evenly divided, and Adlai have the responsibility put upon him of deciding the matter; what would he do? Would he avenge himself on Cleveland for the slights put upon him, or would he weakly yield, and lick the hand that smote him? Would he, at one stroke, make himself immensely popular with his party by rebuking the despot of the White House, or would he make a bitter enemy by blocking Hill's schemes? It would be interesting to have this contingency happen, in order to find out of what material the Vice President is made.

The gold fields of Africa are going to cut no inconsiderable figure in any discussion of the coinage problem of the world. Note the following figures compiled by Mr. Moreton Frewen, who is perfectly familiar with the gold mining industry in the Dark Continent, which give its annual output in ounces for the past five years:

1889	381,758
1890	494,859
1891	729,458
1892	1,210,858
1893	1,478,473

As this is worth about $16 per ounce, it is at once seen that there is a large addition made yearly from this new source to the world's supply of the precious metal. And as Africa is largely unexplored, it is altogether probable that new fields await the gold seekers.

Edward Atkinson will become the patron saint of Democracy with his scheme for having workingmen live on fourteen cents a day.

FARMS, HOMES AND MORTGAGES.

The Blade has received from Hon. Carroll D. Wright, labor commissioner, now in charge of the census office, two extra census bulletins—Nos. 63 and 64—relating to statistics of farms, homes and mortgages. The first is a report on ownership and debt, summarized for 22 states and territories; the second is a report on mortgages, summarized for 33 states and territories. With regard to the first, we quote Commissioner Wright's own summing up of the facts revealed by his 28 pages of figures:

In regard to farms, the conclusion is that 32.30 per cent of the farm families hire and 69.70 per cent own the farms cultivated by them; that 30.22 per cent of the farm-owning families own subject to incumbrance and 69.78 per cent own free of incumbrance. Among 100 farm families 32 hire their farms, 21 own with incumbrance, and 47 without incumbrance.

There are 161 cities and towns in these states and territories in the class of those having a population of 8,000 to 100,000, and in these cities 67.57 per cent of the home families hire and 32.43 per cent own their homes, and of the home owning families 37.03 per cent own with incumbrance and 62.97 per cent own free of incumbrance. In 100 home families, on the average, are found 68 that hire their homes, 12 that own with incumbrance, and 20 that own without incumbrance.

In the nine cities having a population of more than 100,000, 74.15 per cent of the home families hire and 25.85 per cent own their homes; 38.51 per cent of the home-owning families have incumbrance on their homes, and 61.49 per cent own and occupy homes free of incumbrance. Among 100 families on the average, 71 hire 10 own with incumbrance, and 16 without incumbrance.

Thus it will be seen that for every 22 farmers in every 100 who hire the lands they till, 74 families in cities of over 100,000 population hire the houses in which they dwell. Only 30 in every 100 farmers have any incumbrance on their farms, and of these burdens 77 per cent were to enable the purchase to be made, or improvements to be added.

In the second bulletin, regarding mortgages on farms and on town lots, Mr. Wright, using the figures from 33 states as a basis, says:

The amount of incurred debt incumbering lots in 1880 was $286,387,443, and there was an increase to $962,745,227 in 1883. In 1880, 319,513 lots were mortgaged; in 1889, 997,263 lots. The debt incurred on acre tracts rose from $253,295,807 in 1880 to $418,939,153 in 1889. The number of acres mortgaged in 1880 was 28,706,924; in 1889, 42,556,311.

During the 10 year period a debt of $9,449,167,081 was incurred, represented by 6,947,113 mortgages; 37.74 per cent of the debt was on acre tracts and 62.26 per cent on lots.

The real estate mortgage debt existing January 1, 1890, is $4,935,455,896, of which $1,680,272,279, or 34.17 per cent is on acres and $3,249,183,617, or 65.83 per cent, is on lots.

Here we see that the mortgage-ridden man is the owner of city property, not the farmer. The burden is on the city dwellers, not on their farming brethren. Furthermore, in the decade from 1880 to 1890, the increase of mortgage indebtedness on farms was 65 per cent, while the increase in city lots was 236 per cent and in 1890 the city lots bore almost twice the debt borne by the farmers. The great burden of debt rests upon the cities of the country, not upon the farming lands, and of the agricultural population there is a far greater portion who own their own property, free of incumbrance, than there is of the residents of our municipalities.

ASSOCIATE JUSTICE WHITE.

The President's nomination of Senator White, of Louisiana, to the seat on the Supreme bench of the United States, made vacant by the death of Justice Blatchford, was a surprise to every one. He had nominated Hornblower and Peckham, of New York, and the active opposition of Senator Hill had resulted in the rejection of both by the Senate. That Cleveland would abandon the effort to put a New Yorker on the bench was to be expected; for he certainly would not nominate any but a man affiliated with his own faction of the New York Democracy, and "Senatorial courtesy" would be invoked by Hill to defeat any nomination not personally agreeable to himself. But it was a surprise that he should go so far afield, and put a Louisianian on the bench.

Perhaps one thing which influenced him was the desire to turn Hill's weapons against himself, and make a nomination wherein "Senatorial courtesy" would compel a prompt confirmation. When the name of a Senator or ex-Senator is sent in, the "courtesy of the Senate" has made it the custom to confirm at once, and without reference to a committee. Cleveland doubtless counted on this, and was not disappointed. White was at once confirmed, and Hill was constrained to make a speech endorsing the nomination, though sarcastically regretting that the President had seen fit to go outside of New York to find an appointee.

Politically, the appointment is not a good one. Mr. White is an ex-Confederate, with wide judicial experience, it is true, but sharing, it is said, the extreme state rights views of the political South. Only time can tell whether a case will come before the Supreme court which will involve the interpretation of the institution on any political point. It is to be regretted that the state rights dogma did not die with the cause which brought it into existence—slavery. And it is to be deplored that a jurist who believes in it should be upon the bench of the court of last resort in the nation.

OF NATIONAL INTEREST.

The congressional contest in the Third Ohio district, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Representative Houk, promises to be a spirited and memorable one. The district is composed of Montgomery, Butler and Preble counties. It is normally Democratic. Cleveland carried it in 1892 by 3,810 votes, and Houk, at the same election, by 4,316. Last November, however, McKinley carried every county in it by a slender plurality, and the district by 563 over Campbell. In view of the landslide toward Republicanism it is believed a Republican can be elected to succeed Mr. Houk.

The contest will assume national interest, as did that in the two New York districts recently. The result will show the drift of popular sentiment in Ohio unerringly. Should a Republican win, it will have a decided effect on the congressional campaign next fall, and be as notable a victory in its way as will be that of Galusha A. Grow if he be elected congressman-at-large from Pennsylvania by the 200,000 majority that is predicted by his friends.

Hence the battle will be hotly contested by both sides. The Democrats will strain every nerve to hold their ground, and the Republicans be equally eager to wrest the renowned Third district from Democratic hands. Both parties will doubtless put up strong men, and leaders of national prominence take part in the canvass on both sides. The eyes of the nation will be upon the battle, awaiting the outcome.

Ex-Governor Campbell does not wish to go to Congress. He prefers to be whipped by McKinley for President of the United States.

"WOE IS ME, ALHAMA!"

And now there is war between the Anointed One and the Heir Apparent. Adlai wanted an office for a friend, but Grover turned down his candidate, and added insult to injury by writing a note to Secretary Carlisle, on the back of the rejected appointment, which read as follows:

I do not see any reason for paying any particular attention to Mr. Stevenson in these matters of appointment. He is not the Senator from Illinois, and has nothing to do with these matters.

G. CLEVELAND.

The rejected applicant is William Duff Hayney, once Stevenson's private secretary. He hungered for a place in the Treasury. He consulted the Vice President. That functionary, recalling the fact that out of sixteen place-hunters he has recommended, but two were successful, thought to play a game of finesse. He got Senator Palmer to sign the application first, and then affixed his own sign manual. The document then went to Secretary Carlisle. But that gentleman did not dare appoint him without referring the matter to the Boss at the White House. A Cabinet minister in these Democratic days don't dare appoint a charwoman or a stenographer without asking His Highness's opinion. And Cleveland turned Mr. Hayney down, adding the insult to Stevenson quoted above.

Adlai waxed wroth when Hayney came to him for consolation. He sat down and straightway indicted a red-hot letter to Cleveland, telling him what the Vice President thought of his boorishness. But when he had the letter completed, his anger had partly evaporated, and his natural cowardice and disposition to truckle revived. He had not the backbone to assert himself against the Great Panjandrum. He tore up the letter, swallowed the snub, and tried to look as though he thought it a delicious morsel.

If Adlai but knew it, he lost right there the opportunity of doing what would have made him the most popular Democrat in the country. The party is waiting for some man who has the courage to tell the Consecrated One just what he really is—a fat-witted tyrant, wise in his own conceit, puffed up with vanity, and like an overgrown, spoiled baby, desirous of having his own way above everything else. Adlai wants to be the Democratic candidate in 1896. Had he bearded the tyrant, and shown himself a man instead of a servile coward, he would have placed himself nearer the prize he covets than he can ever be through all the demagogic acts he can play.

TEACHING THE NEWS IN SCHOOL.

The subject is again being discussed in educational circles of having ten-minutes talks at the close of each day's session of school, on the news of the day. Unfortunately, it is one of those excellent ideas that appeal to the common sense of teachers and patrons, and yet which are seldom put in practice.

How many of our children, from eight to fourteen years of age, ever have their attention called, day by day, in a systematic way, to the events which go to make up the world's history? The most of the children within those ages do not have access regularly to daily newspapers; and it will be found that the majority even of those who are so favored do not regularly follow the greater events of current history. The local happenings fill a greater angle in their mental vision than the important events which are a part of the world's progress, and which go to make its history.

The field is a fertile one, and easily tilled. Children have the inquisitiveness of the Athenians of old time, of whom Paul said they "spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing." The eager curiosity of childhood should not be curbed, nor yet allowed to expend itself on the trivial gossip of the school and home, but be directed so as to add to the stock of knowledge available throughout life. Many a child studies United States history, for example, and possesses a reasonable degree of familiarity with the facts therein set down, but who is profoundly ignorant of the events between the last record in that volume and the present time.

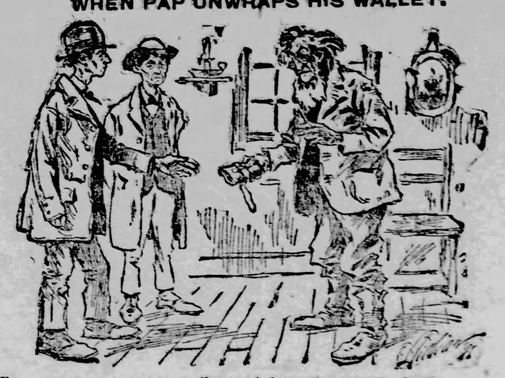
Furthermore, the teaching of current history can be made to add interest to geographical study. A brief recital of the events of the Brazilian rebellion will clothe the dry bones of the geography's statements concerning that country with the living flesh of interest in the daily news from Rio. The wrecking of the gallant old Kearsarge on Roncador reef will add interest to the geography of Honduras, which to most pupils is but an irregular splotch on the map of Central America; and with what absorbing interest will the boys and girls listen to the recital of the battle with the Alabama off Cherbourg, and the swift triumph of the Kearsarge! With the older ones, a recital of the facts concerning the Alabama claims, the Geneva tribunal of arbitration, on the award of damages to the United States, will be of living interest.

It is well known to every intelligent teacher that a group of related facts which form a story is much easier remembered by children than one isolated statement. The teaching of current history from day to day enables the teacher to clothe history and geography with interest. More than this, it widens the child's mental horizon, inculcates the habit of watching the progress of events the world over, and teaches the children that there is knowledge worth acquiring which is not embraced within the petty compends which they use as text-books in school.

United States Minister Terrell at Constantinople is entitled to the thanks of the country for his active measures to protect American citizens. In spite of the protests of the Porte he insisted upon the release of two naturalized American citizens, who were about to be severely punished for a political offense. He backed up his demand by threatening to send for a couple of men-of-war and take forcible possession of the prisoners. The Turkish government released them at once.

What Democratic scheme underlies the provision in House bill No. 5575, in a deftly hidden section, which turns the seven national soldiers' homes over to the direct control of the secretary of war? They are now conducted under the supervision of boards of managers composed of volunteer officers of the Union army.

Thirty thousand wool growers' names were signed to one single petition protesting against the wool schedule of the Wilson bill. But it will do no good, as the outcome will show.



WHEN PAP UNWRAPS HIS WALLET.

When pap unwraps his wallet—an' lays the money down
There's sumthin' quite decided in the pucker of his frown.
His manner makes us creepy while we try to be so ca'm,
For the wallet strings are tighter than the gearin' of a clam.
The wallet's old an' shiny, but it's done a lot of things
With its openin' an' its closin' an'unwrappin' of its strings.
It's held our bed an' fodder, an' we eye it with a charm,
An' it's done a royal service 'bout the mor'gage on the farm.

So when he draws his wallet—that is smooth an' sleek an' brown,
Unwraps the string an' eyes us with a pucker to his frown—
We allers pay attenshun to the thing he has to say,
For we sorter recollec—as how that wallet made our hay.
"Now, boys, I hain't a stintin' ye nor cuttin' of ye short—
But recollet—the fillin' of this wallet itsn't sport.
An' when ye git to town to-day jest go a leetle shy
On things ye do not need to have—remember by an' by.
An', boys, I'd steer a-clear of beer, leave billiards to the rich,
An' recollect yer daddy's wad warn't 'arned for things like sich!"
An' then he wraps the wallet up an' turns upon his heel;
We'd be too pesky mean to live to disregard his 'peal.

H. S. KELLER.

WHAT IS A "CUCKOO?"

The term "cuckoo," to designate a member of Congress who is a thick-and-thin supporter of Cleveland—who follows slavishly the dictates of the Consecrated One—has sprung into great popularity of late, and has established itself as a part of our political vocabulary. It has reference to the cuckoo clock, familiar to all; when the hour strikes a little door flies open and a little wooden image of a bird calls "cuckoo" as many times as there are strokes in the number. The word was first used in a political sense by a Democrat—Senator Morgan, of Alabama—in a speech in the Senate during the extra session, on October 18 last. Referring to the support by Senators of Cleveland's policy of the unconditional repeal of the bullion purchase clause of the Sherman silver law, he said:

The trumpet had sounded, the forces were marshaled, the clock had struck at the White House, and the cuckoos here all put their heads out of the boxes and responded to inform us of the time of day; but they did not seem fully to know what they were talking about, and never took pains to find out the state of the law.

The pat epithet created some comment about the Capitol, but it did not attract general public attention until later, when the silver repeal bill went back to the House. Representative Tracy, of New York, in making a speech, thanked the Cleveland men for their "loyalty" to the administration. Just then Representative John L. Wilson, of Washington, called out "Cuck-oo!" and set the House in a roar, completely discomfiting Tracy. Later, in his efforts to get his resolution of censure concerning the Hawaiian matter before the House, Mr. Boutelle, of Maine, inquired if the White House clock had struck yet—which set the Democrats into an angry uproar. The word has become firmly established in its new meaning as a reproach, and the following definition thereof, from the New York Sun, leaves nothing to be desired:

A political cuckoo is a man who is willing to defend an unworthy political cause, not because he believes in it, but because he hopes, by so doing, to curry favor with some individual in office, whose personal comfort it may promote. A person by becoming a political cuckoo sacrifices independence and consistency. He ceases to have a mind of his own, if he had one before. He becomes, as it were, an automaton; but that is not all, he must attack and reproduce those of his associates in the Cabinet, or the Congress, who have retained intact their political manhood and personal independence.

GREATER NEW YORK.

The bill to consolidate the present city of New York, Brooklyn and a number of adjoining municipalities in the state of New York, passed the lower branch of the New York legislature by the decisive vote of 106 to 7. Should the bill become a law—and it now seems possible that it may—it will create a metropolis of at least three millions population—greater than London had in 1861, and thrice what the latter had at the beginning of the century. The following table gives the various municipalities to be included in one great city, their area, and the population of each by the census of 1890:

	Sq. Miles.	Pop'l'n.
New York city	35	1,801,739
Brooklyn	28.99	857,998
Flatbush	5.69	12,025
Flatlands	12.70	4,214
Gravesend	10.96	8,418
New Utrecht	7.06	9,124
Richmond county	57.19	52,412
Westchester village	15.50	10,024
Part of Eastchester village	1.91	4,612
Part of Pelham village	2.83	6,541
Flushing	20.67	8,864
Part of Hempstead	17.86	17,756
Jamaica	33.50	14,441
Long Island City	7.14	30,506
Newtown	21.32	17,549
Jamaica Bay	25.63	
Total	317.77	2,965,792

The real fight against the consolidation will come in the state Senate. The smaller towns object to being saddled with a share of the burden of the great debts of New York and Brooklyn—that of the former being $150,000,000 and of the latter $80,000,000. Then, too, it is a question whether the cause of good government will not suffer. The annexation will simply give Tammany a much wider field, and make it a still greater factor in the politics of the state. Its influence is entirely evil, and it will not be an unmixed blessing to create a still greater sphere of political influence for it.

The problem of honest and efficient municipal government is still an unsolved one. It presents the gravest question the intelligence of the American people was ever called upon to answer. The difficulties increase with the size of a city. Under the personal control of one man—the head of Tammany, Mr. Richard Croker—and the worst and most extravagant city administration in the country, there is a strong opposition developing to a scheme which would extend these evils over the neighboring municipalities.

Many foreign manufacturers, in anticipation of the change in the tariff, are beginning to make arrangements to do business in the United States. Reed & Co., of Massillon, extensive manufacturers of green bottles, have received information that their competitors in Germany have agents in this country, already making contracts with large consumers for the sale of bottles, counting on the sweeping reduction of the duty on the same made by the Wilson bill. The Massillon concern will be forced out of business.

The Toledo Blade calls Grover Cleveland "the most unpopular man in the country."—Massillon Independent.

Well, isn't he?

THE "NASBY LETTERS."

Read the Announcement of Our Grand Premium Offer.

On the seventh page will be found the announcement of the most important premium offer ever made by The Blade—and one that is most welcome, not only to our subscribers, but to the people at large, who have been asking for the "Nasby Letters" in book form for many years. We have spent much time and labor on this book, besides the great aggregate expense of printing and binding so many thousand copies. We hope that every subscriber will renew and get a copy under this offer.

A few weeks before the expiration of your subscription, you will receive a postal card, which if returned with one dollar for your renewal will be received as a due-bill for a copy of the "Nasby Letters," which will be sent postpaid, free of all charge. We do this in order to facilitate our work in entering names and sending the book. It takes far less labor to care for each month's renewals during that month than to let them run over into the next month.

Of course, we shall take care of new subscribers at the time they order. We can not send them postal card due-bills, nor fix a time wherein we prefer to receive their orders; but any new subscriber who sends us $1 for the Weekly Blade one year, and asks for a copy of the "Nasby Letters," will have his order filled as soon as it is received. If you do not mention that you want the book, we shall consider that you do not want it. Send in your orders!

GERMANY AND RUSSIA.

The new commercial treaty between Russia and Germany has but little personal interest to Americans. It may be that because of the "tariff war" which has been raging between these two nations our exports of grain to Germany have been slightly increased, but even this is problematical. Russian wheat, shut out of German markets, found its way to England for a market, and thus cut off the sale of a portion of what we normally supply to that country. But the matter is nevertheless interesting to us as showing how European nations protect their own productive industries.

The quarrel over tariff between the two countries has been going on for almost two years. The commercial treaty which was under discussion caused the tariff war to break out last summer. Russia exports almost exclusively agricultural products and petroleum to Germany. The latter sends back chiefly manufactured articles. In the discussion of the treaty, Germany thought Russia granted too little in return for what she asked, and so put a discriminating duty of 1 1-2 marks per 100 kilograms (220 pounds) on Russian wheat and rye. Russia retaliated by clapping a duty of 20 to 30 per cent. on all imported German goods. Germany raised her duty on Russian grain to 7 1-2 marks per kilogram, equal to $1.785 on every 220 pounds, or 48 cents a bushel. American wheat pays a duty of 5 marks, or 16 cents less a bushel than this figure.

Under these conditions, the trade between the two countries was nearly annihilated. The annual exports from Germany to Russia had been about $35,000,000 in value annually, and Russia's exports to Germany about $128,000,000. This was reduced to almost nothing. Under the new treaty, the old order of things will be restored. France is agitated over the matter, not so much because a tariff treaty has been adopted, but because Count Schouvaloff, the Russian ambassador to Berlin, in a speech at a banquet Saturday night, spoke of the treaty, and hinted at a further understanding between the two countries in the interest of European peace. And now France deems this a blow at herself.

Representative Goodnight has introduced a bill authorizing the postmaster general to reinstate the 1,000 railway postal clerks who were discharged by President Harrison at the time the service had become so bad, through the incompetency of political henchmen who were given places under Cleveland's former administration, that reorganization became a necessity, and was loudly demanded by all large users of the mails. A Washington special says "It will pass the House by a large majority." No doubt. But if it becomes a law the service will suffer.

Do you note the fact that while petitions are pouring in on the Senate against the Wilson bill, there are none in favor of its passage? Are there no Democrats left except the heelers and leaders?

The town elections held in New York state resulted in the most sweeping victories for the Republicans, and the supervising boards will hardly have Democrats enough on them to count.

WELL-KNOWN NAMES.

Shailer Matthews, professor of history in Co'by University, has accepted a professorship in the Divinity School at Chicago University.

William Ranney, tall and heavy, was on a Connecticut River ferryboat when a runaway horse plunged aboard. Panic prevailed. Ranney jumped for the horse, and with one blow of his fist in the forehead felled it to the deck.

Representative Francis G. Newlands, of Nevada, writes to the press to say that he is not a Populist. For the present he says, he is a silver man, but he hopes that the Republican party will pursue a policy which will make it possible for all silver men to support it.

Captain Daniel Pratt Mannix, of the Marine Corps, who died in Washington the other day, was in charge of the detachment of marines on the monitor Saugus, that guarded the conspirators and John Wilkes Booth's body until they were removed to the Washington arsenal.

The subscriptions to the Wilkie Collins memorial fund have been used to establish a library of fiction in the People's Palace in the East End of London. The collection is one of English novels and poetry and its numbers 4,000 volumes. A grant of this kind was used to furnish and make comfortable the reading purposes the room in which the books are kept.

According to the San Francisco Examiner a wealthy Chinaman is having a cape that city is famous for made of the finest black Alaska sealskins compose the body of the coat, and the cuffs, of Kamtchatka silver-tipped sea otter, are worth $250 each. The coat is lined with brown satin and weighs twenty pounds.

Mr. R. L. Stevenson is engaged upon three Scotch stories—so he writes from Samoa to Mr. Barrie. To this statement Mr. Stevenson added another to the effect that he was a member of a member of a society, which he called a "temperance society, founded with two objects—the first, the inculcation of temperance principles, and the second, to encourage the exportation of Scotch whisky.

The Goder Publishing Company of New York has assigned for the purpose of reorganization Goder's Magazine, the oldest of its kind in the United States. It was started in Philadelphia in 1830, and was bought by a wealthy and cultivated New Yorker, Henry J. Davison, Jr., in 1892. Under its new management Goder's has taken on much of the attractive guise of its fashion-magazine rivals, and promises of winning a desirable place in the field of periodical literature. Its owner has already spent over $200,000 on it.

Some months ago a German tribunal in a provincial town sentenced a man to several months' imprisonment for lese-majesty because he kept his seat while the Emperor's health was drunk. Recently a similar prosecution occurred in another town, but the accused was acquitted, the judge deciding that keeping one's seat under such circumstances could not be regarded in the ere of the law as an insult to his Majesty, unless word were added clearly implying an injurious intent. This view would doubtless be indorsed by the great majority of judicial authorities in Germany, but the number of judges willing to interpret the law in subservience to the supposed wishes of an arrogant monarch is large enough seriously to imperil personal liberty.

GOSSIP OF THE PLAYERS.

Rose Coghlan designs all of her stage dresses.

Bronson Howard's "Shenandoah" is to be revived next season.

Edwin Booth in his will left $5,000 for the Home for the Aged Masons at Utica, N. Y.

News comes from New Orleans announcing that Mlle. Rhea's new play, "La Gioconda," has proved a success.

"Iliss Dynamite," has been selected as a title for a new play in which Ben Macklinbough is writing for Marie Jansen.

In London Miss Cochlan made one of her greatest hits in "First Lyane," and she talks of reviving this play with a great cast.

Edie Archer is under contract to Joseph Gardner and Robert Hilliman for two years. They will star Miss Archer in "An Arabian Night."

Chauncey Olcott will be seen next season in a new romantic Irish drama, which is being written for him by Augustus Pitou and George Jessop.

It is rumored that Ellen Terry's daughter Alisa Craig, is desirous of remaining in this country, and that possibly she may be engaged by Charles Frohman.

Harry Gwynette has secured for Helen Barry the rights to "A Night's Frolic," and is to present the piece in the United States and Canada, beginning February 12.

The employment of the 100 women in "As You Like It" at the Garden theater, New York, involves a salary list of over $2,000, which the Professional Women's League has assumed.

"A Woman of No Importance" was burlesqued at a Lambs' gambol in New York city under the title of "A Woman of No Deportment." Gus Thomas, of "Alabama" fame, wrote the burlesque.

It is prob

Publishers' Column.

WATERPROOF OVERCOATS.

The Mackintosh Brought Within the Means of Every One.

The "mackintosh"—a thin cloth coat impervious to rain—is universally used abroad as an overcoat for winter, spring and autumn. It is infinitely superior in wet weather to the ordinary "rubber" coats, clammy and cold.

The "mackintosh" is a regular spring overcoat of fine quality so far as appearances go and only the wearer knows that it is perfectly waterproof and warmer than an ulster.

The ordinary cost of a mackintosh ranges from $16 to $35; but one of the American manufacturers has agreed to sell single coats to subscribers of The Blade at the wholesale price per thousand, and this reduction brings the cost

of an excellent coat to about one-half the usual retail price. The offer is limited to two colors and two grades, and to sizes (bust measurement) ranging from thirty-six to forty-six inches. Each coat is fifty-three inches long, with a detachable cape twenty-four inches long, of double texture goods, the lining being a handsome plaid. They are made of fine materials and in the best manner. They will not grow hard or stiff, and are first-class in every respect.

The dark-blue coat is of very fine cloth, ribbed, not all wool, but very handsome, and the price, including delivery to any express office in the United States, is $8.85.

The black coat is made from a fine wool, smooth-surface cloth that is less showy than the blue, but will give the best of service. The price, including delivery to any express office in the United States, is $9.85. Coats of different sizes will be made to order for $2 extra.

In ordering care must be taken to send the correct breast measurement, as exchanges can not be made. All remittances must be sent to The Blade, Toledo.

LADIES' WATERPROOFS.

This waterproof is single texture cloth, made in Inverness shape, as shown in the cut. The Inverness is the only style which can be worn with the latest fashions in ladies' gowns—with shoulder puffs and the new sleeves. This waterproof is sleeveless, with a long cape, covering the

arms and buttoning in front. This cape is prettily lined with an appropriate color of cloth. They are carefully stitched and thoroughly vulcanized, so they are unaffected by any climate.

We can furnish them in two colors—either in black diagonal or navy blue diagonal. In ordering, state whether you want black or blue. The only measurement necessary to be sent is the length wanted down the back, from the neck. They are made 52, 54, 56, 58, 60 and 62 inches long. The odd inches are not made.

We will send one of these ladies' waterproofs, by express, and prepay the express charges to any express office on any railroad line, for $5.95. Be careful to give the express office to which it is to be sent, as well as your postoffice address.

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It is only after careful consideration and thoroughly testing the machine, that we arranged to offer our subscribers the BLADE WASHER. Thousands have been made and sold in Northwestern Ohio and throughout the United States, and we are satisfied to recommend and endorse them. It is the only perfect machine on the market, and saves time, labor, soap and clothing. Directions accompany each machine. The retail price of this machine is $7. We, however, offer to send one of these Machines by freight to any address, and also a copy of the Weekly Blade on year, for only $5.00; or we will ship a Machine free to any person sending us ten subscribers for the Weekly Blade one year and $10. The entire club of ten to be sent at one time. The Washer is carefully boxed or crated and shipped by freight. The purchaser paying freight on receipt of Machine. The freight charges will be but a trifle. Addrsse "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

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We are now ready to supply a new edition of Chambers' Encyclopaedia, the original edition of which sold at $30 per set. It is a clear reprint of the Edinburg and London edition of this great work, with very large additions upon topics of special interest to American readers, and giving American statistics of population down to and including the census of 1890.

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Or, we will send the Encyclopaedia alone for $2.50.

The Encyclopaedia will be sent by mail, postage paid. Address The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

A HANDY ATLAS.

Messrs. Rand, McNally & Co. have just published a new Handy Atlas, of 380 pages, each page 7 1-2 by 5 1-4 inches, containing colored county maps of the United States and Canada, accompanied by descriptive, statistical and historical matter pertaining to each state, territory and province, with indexed list of all counties, with area and population; also, colored skeleton maps of the continents, showing all countries of the world; colored statistical diagrams giving data as to area, population, products, commerce, finance, etc.; with a "ready reference list," alphabetically arranged, of all cities, towns and villages, with population by the late census.

This volume is printed on good paper, bound in flexible cloth, in good style—not a "miser cover;" retails for $1 per copy, but we will send a copy, postpaid, with the Weekly Blade one year, for $1.50. Or, we will send a copy of the Handy Atlas, postpaid, for 75 cents. "Address "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers to The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons, and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver. This table ware so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived, and not only the first-class hotels but many private families are discarding plated ware and substituting this. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver, the smooth pattern requires absolute perfection in the casting, which is not necessary where the stamp will hide the infinite pinholes. It can be engraved with monogram or initials, like silver.

The advantage of solid metal tableware lies in the fact that it can be used constantly everywhere, and in the roughest manner, scoured with sand or polished with chalk, and there is nothing to wear off or wear out.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1.25
½ dozen teaspoons	.80
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2.35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1.35
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2.00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1.15
½ dozen table knives	2.25
1 dozen table knives	4.25

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KEARSARGE.

(The United States steamship Kearsarge was named for Mt. Kearsarge, New Hampshire. On Sunday morning, June 19, 1864, the noise of the cannons during the fight between the Kearsarge and the Alabama was heard in English churches near the Channel.)

Sunday in Old England,
In gray churches everywhere
The clear tone of low responses,
The sacred hush of prayer.

Sunday in Old England,
And simpler winds that wont
O'er the pleasant fields of Sussex,
The garden lands of Kent.

Stole into dim church windows
And passed the oaken door,
And fluttered open prayer books
With the cannon's awful roar.

Sunday in New England,
Upon a mountain gray
The wind-bent pines are swaying
Like giants at their pray.

Across the barren lowlands,
Where men find scanty food,
The north wind brings its vigor
To homesteads plain and rude.

Ho, land of pine and granite!
Ho, hardy north land breeze!
Well have you trained the manhood
That shook the Channel seas.

When o'er those storied waters
The iron war-bolts flew,
And through Old England's churches
The summer breezes blew;

While in our other England
Stirred one gaunt rocky steep
When rode her sons as victors,
Lords of the sounding deep.

S. Weir Mitchell, M. D.

RECENT LITERATURE.

The Latest Volumes on The Blade's Book Table for Review.

"A Daughter of the World," by Fletcher Battershall is published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. It is the story of the experiment of a man with his daughter, whom he was persuaded could never be happy under ordinary training and he therefore placed her in the tutelage of a former Catholic priest.

"The Childhood of an Affinity," by Katherine E. Rand, belongs to the Arena Library Series, being brought out by the Arena Publishing Co., Boston. It was written apparently to show that children have in incipiency thoughts and feelings that are not usually suspected, and that do not differ widely from those of men and women. Durian and Ada, the boy and girl who are the principal characters in the book early recognize the fact that there is that in their natures which draws them strongly together, and no matter what misfortunes may occur, how much they may feel of hate at moments towards each other, it passes away and they are th warmest friends again.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, publish another volume of short stories by Bret Harte, the first of which "A Protegee of Jack Hamlin's" gives the title to the book. The scenes of the stories are laid in the West, where the genius of the author always finds the greatest play. They have his usual play of fancy in descriptions, and wealth of incident.

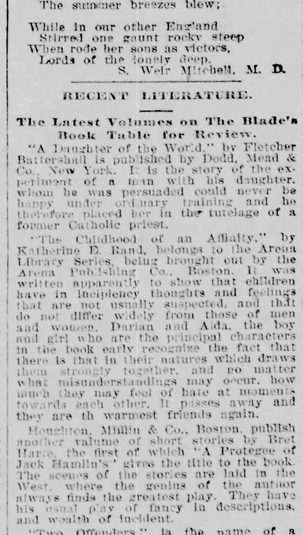
"Two Offenders." is the name of a novel by Ouida, which has recently been brought out by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. The two offenders are named the ingrate and the Assassin. The author has used the power of her pen in showing in these two stories how the injustice of the world often makes men appear what they are not, and wear the aspect of wrong when in reality they are more sinned against than sinning.

"The Rousing of Mrs. Potter and Other Stories," by Gertrude Smith, is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. The author shows in these stories a great deal of latent strength and considerable originality. There is a promise in them for the future that does not often appear in volumes of this kind. Most of the stories have appeared in The Century, Harper's and the Cosmopolitan.

"The Orthoepist" is a pronouncing manuel by Alfred Ayres, which is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York City. It is a new and revised edition of a work which has already been well received by the public. In its pages are about 4,500 words, including the names of a considerable number of foreign authors, artists, etc., that are often mispronounced.

In Appleton's "Town and Country Library" appears "A Gray Eye or So," by Frank Frankfort Moore, author of "I Forbid the Banns," etc., and "Christina Chard" by Mrs. Campbell-Praed, author of "December Roses" and others.

AND HE HAS TO HIDE.



"Say, Riffles, why is it you always walk down back streets, and have your coat collar turned up?"

Riffles—"Wife made me a neck-tie for a birthday present."

To Read the Bible in a Year.

There have been any number of plans suggested as how to best read the Scriptures through in a year. A new scheme has recently come to hand. Space will not allow of a complete analysis of this plan and a copy of same, but the following sentences will give a good idea as to the mode of procedure:

Read three chapters daily and five on the Sabbath—that is, two chapters in the Old Testament and one in the New Testament daily and on the Sabbath—in Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Solomon's Song and the New Testament. This will take you through the Bible in 364 days. Five chapters a week will go through the New Testament in a year.

LITTLE ELAINE.

Where have you gone, little Elaine,
With the eyes like violets wet with rain—
Silvery April rain that throws
Melting diamonds over the rose?
(Ah! never were eyes as bright as those!)
You have left me alone but where have you flown?
God knows, my dear, God knows!

Where have you gone, little Elaine;
With laughing kiss of the crimson stain—
Lips that smiled as the sunlight glows
When morning breaks like a white, sweet rose.
Over the wearisome winter snows?
Shall I miss their song my whole life long?
God knows, my dear, God knows!

You have left me lonely, little Elaine;
I call to you but I call in vain!
I sing to you as the twilight throws
Its dying light on my life's last rose—
While the tide of Memory ebbs and flows!
Is it God's own will I should miss you still?
God knows, my dear, God knows!

—Frank L. Stanton, in "Songs of the Day"

LATEST HAIR DRESSINGS.

Fair Women Are Now Paying More Attention to the Art.

The hair dresser plays a prominent part, these days, in the appearance of a woman, for an unbecoming "head dress," that is, one unsuited to its wearer's style, will make a pretty woman look something like one of Macbeth's witches. It is not neces-

FRENCH REVOLUTION.

sary to make an elaborate coiffure, but it is quite necessary indeed that the contour of the head and the style of the face be consulted. For instance, the round dimpled face demands a high coiffure with only a suggestion of bang over the forehead, a little fluff of curls on the temple and a moderately well-built-up bang between the knot and the forehead on top of the head.

MISS DUMPLING'S COIFFURE.

The thin face needs softening, and a much crimped head piece can be worn with a full fluffy bang pretty well around the face. If the neck is long and thin, the back of the head should be exceedingly well shaped if a high knot is worn.

Women have tried with varying success some of the 1830 styles of head dress, the general effect of which is more often sad than successful. No kind of adaption of

FOR A THIN FACE.

the 1830 coiffure can be made artistic. It was not pretty then, it is hideous now. The Blade is able to present one to-day, however, that is pretty—for some heads—and that several society women are adopting. They crimp the hair all around, however, an effect that adds to the beauty of it. The picture is a fac-simile of Miss Fanny Kemble in 1830. She was a woman of perfect proportions, and had an almost regal bearing. Her rich brown hair was rolled high and arranged in rows of puffs, caught with a bandeau of jewels just in front of the knot. The front hair was

MISS FANNY KEMBLE.

parted off and rolled under, forming a puff above the ear and a string of gems or a jewel studded band reached from the center above the forehead to the knot at the back. Mrs. Cleveland wears this coiffure with excellent effect. Mrs. Carlisle wears a modification of the Empress Eugene style. A few girls have been trying the style worn during the early part of the century, but it is not wholly a success. At one of the receptions last week one lady wore a slight modification of the 1830 side curls and they were not unbecoming.

—It is not what its proprietors say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit. Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures.

WHEN WOMAN FAILS.

She Can't if She Creates a Real Home About Her.

The relative position of the sexes in the past is curiously illustrated by the fact that hitherto women have seldom been thought of as having failed in life. Their chance of a career has been so slender that small notice has been taken when the chance was missed. Failures were confined to those who had not married, or who, missing a single, had not become everybody's aunt or fairy godmother to all children.

Now there is a growing feeling that a woman without a husband and without employment is on the way to failure. Like her brothers, she must be able to earn her own living, or she can never be assured of a tolerable degree of sustained success. The seclusion of the home partly hides the failure of many married women from the eyes of the world; but woman's failure after marriage is less disastrous than man's. Her's brings discomfort only; his brings ruin.

No woman can be said to have failed who has married and made around her a real home.

Aggravated Bad Form.

"Horrid form in that Kansas girl to praise the silverware at Mrs. Rollin's dinner, wasn't it?"

"Yes. Was she much offended?"

"Deeply. Most of it was borrowed from her neighbors."—Judge.

Suffered a Relapse.

John L. Sullivan's desire to fight the winner of the Corbett-Mitchell contest has undoubtedly suffered a relapse.—Washington Post.

STORIES OF WAR TIME

TALES OF DARING IN THE GREAT REBELLION.

Stirring Contributions From Col. I. L. Wood, Maj. Alex. McDowell and Congressman W. A. Stone.

Told by Col. I. L. Wood.

Taking it all through, I think that in Grant's campaign, preceding the siege of Vicksburg, and during the siege itself, that I saw more acts of individual gallantry than I witnessed during the rest of my four years' campaigning. This was, no doubt due to my opportunities rather than to the fact that cases of individual daring were more frequent in this than in other campaigns.

Amongst all these cases that of Ser-

"FOLLOW THE FLAG, BOYS."

geant Bruner stands out conspicuously, for his bravery was so frequently illustrated from the time we crossed the Mississippi till we reached the Big Black, as to make his name and regiment—the 23d Wisconsin—famous in all the army.

In the assault on Port Gibson, the 23d Wisconsin came under a terrific storm of fire, and they wavered; and when the color sergeant was shot down the line broke and looked as if it would be thrown back. The colors had not been a second on the ground, when Sergeant Bruner leaped forward, and flinging them aloft, he shouted, with an oath, that did not sound like profanity:

"Follow the flag, boys! Follow the flag!"

Some 40 or 50 men cheered and rallied about Bruner, then all dashed forward on the earthwork, and the place was carried. Had this act stood alone, it would have made the sergeant a marked man for leadership and valor. But it was one only of many such incidents.

At the battle of Champion Hill, immediately after Port Gibson, the 23rd again wavered under an awful fire, and the colors were dropping to the rear. Quick as a flash Bruner seized them, and shouting: "There's less danger in front, boys! Come on!" he led his cheering comrades into the enemy's intrenchments, and they were carried with a rush.

Another incident will show that this man's courage was not spasmodic, but a constant quantity.

At the battle of Big Black, the last fight before the investment of Vicksburg, Co. B, Brunner's, got orders from Gen. Grant to silence, with the aid of two small pieces, one of the enemy's batteries that was very annoying. Soon the two guns were dismounted, and the two commissioned officers of Co. B were wounded, the command devolving on Bruner. Instead of falling back, as nearly any other man would have done, Bruner shouted for his men to follow him, which they promptly did. They charged the battery, and a fierce hand to hand fight for its possession followed. Twice the sergeant was a prisoner, and twice released by the reinforcements hurried to his assistance. The result was that the battery was taken, Bruner bringing off the colors with his own hand.

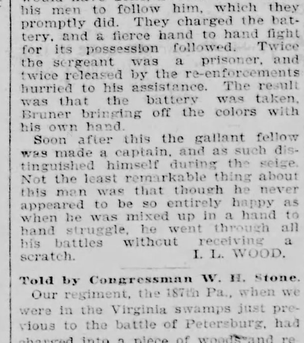
Soon after this the gallant fellow was made a captain, and as such distinguished himself during the seige. Not the least remarkable thing about this man was that though he never appeared to be so entirely happy as when he was mixed up in a hand to hand struggle, he went through all his battles without receiving a scratch. I. L. WOOD.

Told by Congressman W. H. Stone.

Our regiment, the 187th Pa., when we were in the Virginia swamps just previous to the battle of Petersburg, had charged into a piece of woods and recaptured a rifle pit which had been taken from our forces by the Confederates. It began to rain furiously just as we drove the enemy out and got possession. Right in front of our company the pit took a sharp turn. A few rails, logs and limbs of trees had been thrown down and dirt piled upon them from both sides. The ground was very swampy and the rain soon formed quite a depth of water on each side in the trench. The Confederates kept on a brisk fire, and we had to settle down in the mud and water to obtain any protection. Night came on and the rain and the firing still kept up.

About midnight it was discovered that the water was washing the earth away in front and that it was necessary for some one to get over and shovel on a new covering at the angle in front of us, or otherwise our protection would soon be gone. Captain Hart, the commanding the company which lay at that point, hesitated to order a detail, and called for some one to volunteer to engage in the dangerous work. The enterprise was not only dangerous, but it was a hundred chances to one that the person attempting it would be carried to the rear riddled with bullets. Finally a private, named Lon Mock, a man of delicate frame, who had enlisted in company A, Attleboro, Tioga county, Pa., stepped to the front and said without any flourish, and as though it was the most ordinary affair of his life, that he would undertake the job.

A shovel was obtained, and Mock climbed over the rifle pit, and began his work. Sure enough, as soon as the



MACK BEGAN TO WORK.

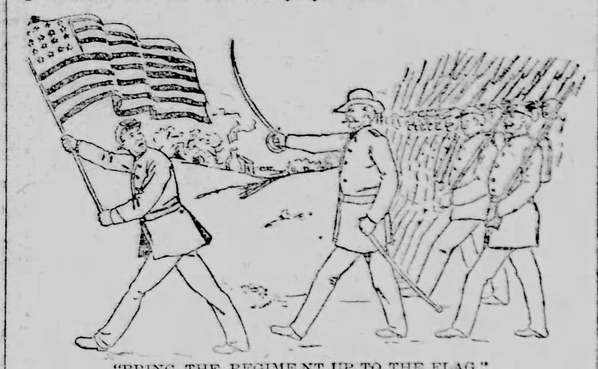
sound of the shovel was heard the bullets of the Confederates began to fall thick and fast about him. One struck his shovel fair on the flat surface and sent it spinning out of his hand, but he coolly picked it up and shoveled away again as though nothing had happened. Everyone held his breath expecting every moment that Mock would be struck, and while we were crouching behind the pit in comparative safety, he shoveled as leisurely as though he were digging in his garden at home. How he ever escaped was a mystery to us all. For fifteen or twenty minutes he worked there with his back to the enemy under a constant and rattling fire until the breach was repaired, and then climbed back, saying quietly: "I guess it is all right now, boys," and every one felt like hugging him for his brave act. Lon Mock marched with us no more in that campaign. The result of his exertions was a severe cold, and he gradually went down to his grave and survived the war but a short time. His brave act in front of Petersburg has not been forgotten, however, and every spring when his comrades strew his grave with flowers the story of his heroism is retold by those who personally knew of the action.

W. A. STONE.

Told by Maj. McDowell.

It was the first day of the battle of Gettysburg. We were in line of battle on the north side of a knoll with our guns planted at the brow where they commanded perfectly any advancing body of Confederates. After the battle had been raging for some time our officers could see the enemy preparing for a charge. The guns were double shotted, and the order given to wait until the Confederates came within short range. On came the line, double-quick, until it was within less than one hundred yards of the muzzles of our guns. There was a flash of flame, a roar that shook the hills and valleys and when the smoke cleared away there seemed to be nothing but piles of dead and wounded. Our shot had mowed a tremendous gap in the line filled only by prostrate bodies. Quick as the movement could be executed, however, the advancing line was reformed in front of the windrow of bodies, and elbow to elbow the charge was renewed. They were so near that we could see their faces, and I shall never forget the expression of courage and determination, which it seemed to me I could see as plainly as though we were face to face. Again our guns belched forth, and again the whole line of a man seemed to go down. A new windrow of the hundreds of dead and dying was made considerably in front of the former one. Like magic the line of the enemy formed again, and again, elbow to elbow, in front of the piles of their fallen comrades those undaunted fellows came on.

A third time our batteries poured forth their murderous fire, and a third time the charging troops of the enemy disappeared ,but only to form again, and they finally made it so hot for us that we were forced to withdraw to Cemetery Hill. I could not conceive of a grander exhibition of courage in battle than was exhibited by



"BRING THE REGIMENT UP TO THE FLAG."

those Confederates. Each time it was almost certain death, and yet not a man seemed to waver. The precision with which they reformed after the fearful decimation of their ranks that followed each discharge of our guns was, I think, the most marvelous thing that took place under my observation during the war.

An incident which occurred at the battle of Drainsville had a mixture of the tragic and the humorous that makes it worth relating. The color sergeant of Col. McCalmont's regiment was Frank Alexander, a fellow not counted particularly clever, but one who was infatuated with his colors and with his flag. While the battle was raging and we were slowly advancing, Frank, in his enthusiasm, got far in front of the regiment.

"Bring that flag back to the regiment!" shouted Col. McCalmont.

There as no response, though it was evident the color bearer had distinctly heard the order.

"Bring that flag back to the regiment!" again shouted the colonel.

"——d d—n you, bring the regiment up to the flag," shouted Frank furiously, and the colonel obeyed the order.

When Frank was afterward taken prisoner, he managed in some way to wrap the flag which was so precious to him around his body under his clothes, and so carried it with him until he was exchanged.

ALEXANDER M'DOWELL.

Told by Capt. W. S. Lucas.

The coolest bravery I witnessed during my term of service was at Leesburg, Mo. Gen. Tom Ewing, with a battalion of the 14th Iowa Veteran infantry, numbering 160 men and two or three hundred Missouri state militia, were forced to evacuate Pilot

"I FULLY COMPREHEND THE DANGER."

Knob by the advance of Marmaduke's and Shelby's commands, said to number three or four thousand troops. Ewing attempted to reach Rolla when he evacuated Pilot Knob. After a running fight of 24 hours, his tired and hungry little command, being pressed in flank and rear, took refuge in a deep cut of the railroad, at the village of Leesburg, at dark.

The lines of the enemy were drawn well about the beleaguered little command. The commands of the enemy were plainly heard while adjusting their lines for, as Gen. Ewing believed, a night attack. In front and inside of the advance lines of the enemy was a large barn, with several hay stacks surrounding it. Gen. Ewing called for a volunteer from the trenches to steal inside and through the enemy's lines and set fire to the barn and hay stacks, in order to light up the field in front and about the lines of the enemy. Earl J. Lamson, a corporal of Co. B, 14th Iowa, offered himself as the desired incendiary. I warned him of the imminent danger of such an undertaking, and the few chances of escape from capture or death. He replied, "I fully comprehend the danger, but Gen. Ewing believes it necessary for the safety of this command that the barn shall be fired, and I can't do my country a better service than to attempt to perform the service." He stripped himself, stole over the banks of the railroad cut, and was soon lost to sight. As we waited with bated breath for the result, moments seemed minutes, and minutes hours. Soon, however, a commotion was discovered among the enemy's troops, and about the same time a twinkling light was discovered in the upper part of the barn through a gable window. About the same time shots innumerable were heard and the noise of cramping men was carried to us on the night air. In the midst of the noise and excitement Lamson came bounding toward the railroad cut with the speed of a race horse. As he leaped over the barricade that had been hastily erected on the brink of the cut, he drew a long breath, and said, "She's well fired, boys." By the time he reached his comrades, the fire was going in full force, and the whole grounds surrounding the railroad cut was lighted up so that our muskets and two Parrott guns we had with us, we were soon able to beat Marmaduke back out of range. The hay burned nearly all night and maintained a light, so the garrison was saved from capture. Daylight came, and the enemy was kept at bay until Col. Beveridge arrived from Rolla with reinforcements, and Ewing conducted his brave little band safely to Rolla. Earl J. Lamson is alive and resides at West Superior, Wis.

W. S. LUCAS.

A MISGUIDED JEST.

Quoth a cannibal queen,
"There is much in a name
Or at least there will be
Ere we finish the game.

"These 'provisional' rulers
I welcome with glee—
They shall presently serve as
Provisions for me."

—Washington Star.

HOW IS THIS, GIRLS?

Do You Forget to Scream If a Man Snatches a Kiss?

Here is an extract from a letter which purports to be written by a man, but certain expressions and tricks of phrases rather suggest that woman is at the bottom of it. But, man or woman, he, she or it, the writer has a very pretty contempt for womankind, and a swaggering way which seems to imply that most women are complaisant.

"They have given up being prudes and like high-falutin and sentiment, or 'coaling the heavenly over you,' as some one expressed it tersely. They know now all the weaknesses and temptations of men, and, pretty dears, make allowances for them. A charitable woman is indeed a useful luxury. Girls forget to scream if you snatch a kiss, and decline to faint when you tell them you adore them. They are practical and sensible, and understand that success nowadays is a virtue in women, it would argue exceeding bad taste in a man. So the sweet creatures delight in seeing us flutter about them; and if successfully they do expect a milliner's bill paid, or a handsome birthday present, who would grudge it them? They toy lightly with the passions, and carry their years easily."

"LO, I CAN WAIT."

A woman's figure on a ground of night
Inlaid with sallow stars that dimly stare
Down in the lonesome eyes uplifted there
As in vague hope some silken lance of light
Might pierce their woe. The tears that blind her sight—
The salt and bitter blood of her despair—
Her hands toss back through torrents of her hair
And grip toward God with anguish infinite.
And, oh, the carven mouth, with all its great
Intensity of longing frozen fast
In such a smile as well may designate
The slowly murdered heart that to the last
Conceals each newer wound, and back at fate
Throws love's eternal Re—"Lo, I can wait!"

—James Whitcomb Riley.

A Little Heroine.

Little Helen, the seven-year-old daughter of Lieutenant Edwards of the Barracks, gave Sunday, an exhibition of forethought and heroism rare with children of her age. As already recounted in this paper, she fell from the ambulance in which she and other children went to Sunday school, and suffered a fracture of the collar-bone. She was immediately taken home, where her father was lying sick. Entering the house quietly, she called to her mother, asking her to come from the sick room a moment. Without a cry or a whimper, and holding her arm helpless at her side, she told her mother what the trouble was, explaining that she did not want needlessly to worry her father. Helen evidently has one element of the true soldier.—Columbus Dispatch.

To a Fleeting End.

Chrysanthemum but yesterday,
Flower of flowers, fun tummy,
Discarded, withered and faded,
Now a chrysanthummy.

A Unique Idea.

Gen. Booth, of the Salvation Army, has expressed a wish to see the Bible translated into colloquial language, using the everyday expressions of the everyday man. This would bring some of the more obscure passages of the Old Testament, for instance, down to the level of the ordinary understanding. As an example, the fifty-fourth chapter of Isaiah is mentioned. A comparative view may be had by placing the Scriptnre verse and its suggested translation together.

Verse 1—Sing, shout, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgressions, and the house of Jacob their sins.

Translation—Show Christians their error, and this nation their blindness to Divine truth.

Verse 2—Yet they seek me daily, and delight to know my ways, as a nation that did righteousness, and forsook not the ordinances of their God, etc.

Translation—They pray, they attend church, they think and talk about religious things just as followers of Christ should, and they profess to want to do right, and are always praying for guidance.

Verse 3—Wherefore have we fasted, say they, and thou seest not? Wherefor have we afflicted our soul, etc.

Translation—But for all that their religion does not satisfy them. They have not the witness of God's approval in their own consciences; they do not clearly behold their Lord.

Very Enterprising.

Mrs. Cutlery—My dear Mrs. Twickenham, your son has been entertaining me vastly.

Mrs. Twickenham—Has he, indeed?

Mrs. Cutlery—Oh, yes. He tells me that at one time you were considered one of the handsomest girls in your neighborhood!—Truth.

Not High Enough.

San Francisco claims that Lottie Collins doesn't know what high art is. What does 'Frisco call high if eight feet wont do?—Chicago Dispatch.

The Blade in this knife is hand-forged from razor steel, and no better one-eighth or ten per goes into a $2 razor. The handle is metal, representing stag; its we clit is extra strong. It is a splendid knife for a Blade boy or girl; a good pocket or kitchen knife for the mother, and one the father will find handy in a pinch. It will be sent postpaid to any member of the Blade family for 15 cents. THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio

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CONTENTS OF THE FIRST FOUR PARTS:

PART I CONTAINS:

1. Osborne Palace, Queen Victoria's Home on the Isle of Wight.
2. Pope's Villa at Twickenham on the Thames, near London.
3. Robert Burns's Cottage, Ayr.
4. The Giant's Causeway, County of Antrim, Ireland.
5. Lakes of Killarney, Ireland.
6. Palace of Sans Souci, Potsdam, Germany.
7. Castle of Rheinstein, Germany.
8. The Appian Gateway, Rome.
9. The Grand Canal, Venice.
10. The Grand Opera House, Paris.
11. The Grand Staircase in the Paris Opera House.
12. The Stora Theater, Gothenburg, Sweden.
13. The City of Lisbon, Portugal.
14. The City of Bethany.
15. Native Malay Village.
16. The Cathedral, City of Mexico.

PART II CONTAINS:

1. Houses of Parliament, London.
2. The Choir of Westminster Abbey.
3. Oxford University.
4. Hawarden Castle, Eng.
5. Room in Which Shakespeare was Born.
6. Dryburgh Abbey, Scotland.
7. Crofters' Homes in the Shetland Islands.
8. Donegal Castle, Ireland.
9. The Bourse or Exchange, Berlin.
10. The Famous Windmill at Potsdam.
11. Augustus Place, Leipsic.
12. Carlsbad.
13. Brühl Terrace, Dresden.
14. Palaces of the Cæsars.
15. Tomb of Juliet, Verona, Italy.
16. The Cathedral at Milan.

PART III CONTAINS:

1. The Casino at Monte Carlo.
2. The Kremlin in Moscow.
3. Houses of Congress, Washington.
4. Place de la Concorde, Paris.
5. The Rock of Gibraltar.
6. The River Jordan.
7. Unter-den-Linden, Berlin.
8. Royal Palace at Charlottenburg, near Berlin.
9. Castle of Heidelberg.
10. Imperial Opera House, Ringe Strasse.
11. Ostregnio's "Holy Night," Vienna.
12. The Roman Pantheon.
13. City of Palermo, Sicily.
14. Panorama of Pompeii.
15. The Leaning Tower of Pisa.
16. The Champs-Elysees, Paris.

PART IV CONTAINS:

1. Warwick Castle.
2. Washington Irving's Room in Red Horse Hotel, Stratford-on-Avon, England.
3. Thomas's House at Rochester, England.
4. Sioux Pogis Church.
5. The Celebrated Bridge at the Firth of Forth, Scotland.
6. St. George's Square, Glasgow.
7. Melrose Abbey.
8. The Cathedral in Strasburg.
9. The Famous Strasburg Clock.
10. The Tomb of the Marechaux, Paris.
11. Tower of St. James's Park.
12. The City Hall, Delft, Holland.
13. Palace of Justice or Court House, in Brussels.
14. Gelrangerfjord, Norway.
15. Jaffa Gate at Jerusalem.
16. The Ponce de Leon Hotel, St. Augustine, Fla.

HOW TO OBTAIN THE SERIES.

The retail price of each one of these Parts is 25 cents. This Portfolio series has been used by prominent daily newspapers of the United States, in connection with coupons cut from their columns, at 10 cents each. The Blade, however, will not offer these portfolios for money. We design to present to each subscriber of The Blade, who will send us a NEW subscriber, four portfolios for each subscriber sent.

Here is the Plan.

At the bottom of this advertisement will be found a coupon which, when indorsed to us by any present subscriber, with $1, and a new subscriber's name and address, will entitle the sender to the four (4) portfolios of the series. During the month of February this same coupon, No. 1, will be published each week. At any time during February, any subscriber may use this coupon. It is an easy matter for any subscriber to obtain a new name and $1 from some person not now taking The Blade. Tell the new subscriber that for one dollar, he will receive the Weekly Blade one year, and also a copy of the "Sights and Scenes" Portfolio No. 1, with name and address of the new subscriber, and coupon No. 1, and you will receive, for your trouble, postpaid by mail, the first four portfolios of this series, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, protecting it perfectly.

We guarantee that you will pronounce these four portfolios worth one dollar to you. If you are so well pleased with them as we know you will be, you can obtain the next four portfolios during March, when we shall print coupon No. 2, by simply obtaining another subscriber to The Blade during that month. During April you will have the opportunity to get the next four; during May, four more; and during June, the last four, making 20 portfolios in all, completing the series. If, on the other hand, you are not pleased with them, you will not be obliged to carry the matter any further. We are confident, however, that every person who gets the first four portfolios will use every endeavor to obtain the remainder of them.

Do not let February pass without getting one new subscriber, and obtaining the first four portfolios. Then, after the 1st we get into March, it may not be easy to supply back numbers.

Now, please show how much we give for

TRIM TO THIS LINE.

Sights and Scenes of the World

COUPON

WHEN BOUGHS ARE BARE.

When boughs are bare we watch the rose,
The matchless rose of dawn unclose,
And on the pure, illumined air
Like graceful tracery pencilled there
Each twig and spray and stem it shows.

With amber lights their darkness glows
Against the flushing hillside snows,
And icy gems among them flare
When boughs are bare.

Through woodlands hushed in deep repose
The molten gold of sunset flows.
New vistas open wide and fair
Across this world of whiteness, where
The winter moon its silver throws
When boughs are bare.
—Anna Boynton, in Portland Transcript.

HOME TALKS.

LACK OF CONCENTRATION THE FAULT OF OUR PEOPLE.

The Blizzard of Monday and Other Ones—The Might of the Storm—Home Comforts.

I think it was in the Atlantic that I was lately reading of a visitor at the World's Fair who stood in Machinery hall with all its wonders in mechanical art, where iron monsters were making the air pulsate with their rushing movements, and looking around her calmly asked of one of those in charge, "Is this the Fisheries building?"

One cannot help wondering what had happened to paralyze the gray matter of that woman's brains, or to question whether she ever had any. And yet I do not know as her inquiry was any more inconsequent than those we often hear from people who have never learned how to do their own thinking. Heaven save us from any long sojourn with members of that class who yet develop a large amount of curiosity. Commend us rather to the people who do not know and who do not want to know, but rest content with what floats in upon consciousness, so to speak without effort.

In truth, though, the majority of us do not know how to think to a purpose. We fail to concentrate upon a single thing but allow a wild mob of ideas to go trooping through our brains, dissipating our forces and accomplishing nothing. In our every day life we are usually trying to do two things at once, that is while with outward act we are working in one way, we are sending our thought forward to something else. We are thus wasting our substance—for thought, invisible though it may be, is still substance—and every needless outlay of it takes away from our power of accomplishment. Prentice Milford said in regard to this matter: "When a boy I was doing my first day's shoveling in the California gold diggings. An old miner said to me, 'Young man, you make too hard work of shoveling; you want to put more mind in that shovel.' Pondering over this remark, I found that shoveling dirt needed cooperation of mind with muscle—mind to give direction to muscle; mind to place the shovel's point where it should scoop up most dirt with least outlay of strength; mind to give direction to the dirt as thrown from the shovel; and infinitesimal portions of mind, so to speak, in the movement of every muscle brought into play while shoveling. I found that the more thought I put in the shovel the better I could shovel; the less like work it became, the more like play it was, and the longer my strength for shoveling lasted."

He here expressed a vital truth in a homely way. Into whatever we do should be put our thought and it should be held there, in order, as I said before, to learn concentration. American people lack this and also lack observation, and the latter is largely a consequent of the former. The habit of permitting a thought-mob to hold control of the mind, effectually shuts away from the consciousness the meaning of much that is passing before our eyes. We take things for granted as if they were, as some one as aptly put it, eternal verities, with which we have an eternity to become familiar.

Sarah Grand makes her heroine in "Ideala" say: "If I had been taught to think when my memory was being burdened with historical anecdotes torn from the text, and other useless scraps of knowledge, I should be able to see both sides of a subject, and judge rationally now. As it is, I never see more than one side at a time, and when I have mastered that, I feel like the old judge in some Greek play, who, when he had heard one party to a suit, begged that the other would not speak, as it would only poggle what was then clear to him."

The younger generation which has the benefit of kindergarten teaching will, I believe, do better in this way than their elders. They will be taught to do their own thinking in the proper way, to concentrate thought upon the work in hand. They will learn, in part at least, not to dissipate their forces, but to use them, as necessity calls, upon the purpose defined.

It is a lesson which we all need—this one of concentration of power, this holding the thought steadfastly to the present doing. The result would be a conservation of nervous energy, and the mournful story of overwork and its resultant in these days, of various forms of nervous prostration, more rarely repeated.

What a force there is in contrast!

When the sun is pouring its flood of golden radiance down upon trees and grass and flowers, and the blue skies smile back into uplifted eyes; when the soft air is laden with the fragrance of starry-eyed blossoms, and the grass to realize that such a wild storm as that of Monday is possible. The wind seemed a very demon as it howled and shrieked around everything that stood in its way. I could think of nothing but the old-time battering-ram manned with furious, angry men, and brought to bear upon an enemy's shelter, as it seemingly gathered its forces together and hurled itself, so strengthened, against the side of the house most exposed to attack. Then when its onslaught failed, and the house remained immovable, it appeared to draw back sullenly with a low, angry roar, as if saying "another effort and ye poor puny men and women shall know that I am master." And indeed the tempest had the mastery for the day.

What a blessed sense of comfort there is, by the way, in being safely housed in the "home" during such a tempest! How its warmth, and light, and brightness seem to wrap us about with a feeling of security, and a thankfulness that our lines have not fallen where suffering and hunger and cold are inevitable. And one can not help shuddering to think of those less fortunate, of the helpless little ones, and the old and the sick, who have no wall of defense against such a foe as held recent possession of our city, and, according to the records, of many and many a mile of hill and plain, mountain and valley dotted with the dwelling places of our people.

Of course, it does no good at such times to rend our hearts with imaginings of what the unfortunate are suffering. It but weakens us physically and mentally, besides sending forth harrowing thought-forms to depress those who are within our reach. One thing there is which we may do, and that is to resolve to let no opportunity go by for humanity's relief or betterment; to do all that lies within our power to diminish the great sum of human misery by word, thought and deed. A shuddering sympathy with what our fellow creatures may be enduring is of small moment beside the deep, earnest, helpful spirit that enjoys in gladness the good gifts which it possesses, while holding itself ready for self-sacrifice when the requirement and opportunity comes.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

"Bright Spots" and "Good Streaks" in Dreary Places.

What a comfort it is in this "weary warld" to know that no matter how poor, or sick or miserable people are there is nearly always some "bright spot" in their lives. I know of a woman who has to go out to work to support a shiftless, drunken husband, and who certainly seems to have very little to make life endurable; but when she comes home after her hard day's work, there is a small, freckle-faced boy who welcomes her joyfully, and whose curly, red head is the "bright spot" in her dreary little world.

A friend writing from Northern Michigan told of the blinding glare of the sun upon the ocean of snow that covered the ground there for three months every winter.

"I could not endure it," she wrote, "if it were not for the great pine tree that grows just in front of my window; I turn my aching eyes from the snow fields to its soft green foliage, and feel rested in sight and spirit."

One who has been an invalid for years keeps her cheerfulness with the aid of a blue-eyed, laughing little picture-maiden, that hangs on the wall of her room. "When I feel downhearted," she says, "I look up at her, and before I know it I am smiling back at her with all my might."

Find the "bright spots" in your lives, dear Householders. Some of you have more than others, perhaps, but surely each one of you can find at least one; and by keeping that always in view, it will spread out over the dreariness and drudgery of every day duties, until the "dark spots" will be gone entirely.

Another comfortable thought is this: no matter how vicious a person may be, they are almost sure to have some "good streaks" about them. A man may commit every crime in the calendar, and yet be ready to risk his life to save a child from danger; or he may be a miserable drunkard, yet his friends say, "He is a good-hearted, generous soul." And a poor woman who seems dead to all sense of virtue or even decency, will "lend a hand" to some sister unfortunate as willingly and tenderly as a saint could do it.

Then, while we of the Household are looking out for our own "bright spots," let us keep an equally earnest watch for the "good streaks" in others; and let us be very sure, before we condemn the veriest scapegrace, that he has not one redeeming "streak" about him.—L. A. F.

HOUSEHOLD CORRESPONDENCE.

Another Communication from "Nex."

Circumstances alter cases; education alters opinions, what would be necessities in our household would be luxuries in another. Is it more creditable to see how much you can get, or how much you can get along without? Does the gentleman whose opinion invaded the household feel competent to give a definite, everyday "dividing line" between the "boundaries of necessity" and "the confines of luxury?" I am not in particular a household reader; the political questions are generally read first. I am not giving you my "notions" to shock old time comforts, but telling facts for the benefit of those who may be caught in an unexpected circumstance. If the gentleman saves carpet rags as most of the household economizers do, it may be interesting for him to know he can sew them with ravelings of new muslin, take two or three, give them a few twists, and go to work; they fill up quicker than thread. Economy will be exercised to the last and least possibility in a great many families this winter; so as a leading problem of the day has become a discussion, let us hear from others.—"Nex."

Ella G. Makes Her Farewell Speech

When I sent my little letter to the Household, asking advice to what I should do, I did not think that it would create as much interest. I have read all of the letters sent in answer to it and am more than ever convinced of the "rarity of Christian charity." One dear soul, at the very first, suggested that as no one knew what provocation I had had, I ought not to be judged too harshly; but she, I believe, is the only one who has not been so virtuously indignant that they could see me flayed for such wickedness.

I went to tell these gentle judges that I did not forsake the poor, dear man. A way was opened where, by working ten hours a day, I was enabled to keep my home, and as I went to my daily work through storm and cold, I had the happiness of knowing that he was warm and comfortable, spending his time reading and sleeping and expecting, like Micawber, that something would "turn up" that would make us rich. He hadsn't exposed his precious health once, by going out to look for work.

To be sure I have to trust my children and house to a servant, which is certainly worse for the children than if they had been with my mother as I proposed, but the proprieties have been preserved, and I hope the sisters will feel better, but I do not believe that one out of ten of those who have written would, if tried as I have been, done any better than I did.—Ella G.

A Pleasant Letter from the Empire State.

I live in the county where Mr. Locke, sr., was born, and in the town where he first served as printer's apprentice. Is it any wonder we regard the Blade as one of the family? It has found its way into our home for many years, and is treasured by every member of the family. It has furnished capital for the boy's scrap books, and delicious compounds at the hands of the cook, through the medium of its household columns; while the more thoughtful and care-burdened mother has found solace and comfort through the weekly letters of the social "Home Talks" that have given her new courage and inspiration for the responsibilities and cares that are the necessary heritage of every housekeeper and mother. Long live the Blade.—Christian Brownlee.

A Disturbed "Mountain Rill."

I have made a crazy quilt of pieces of cloth and cashmere this winter, and half of a silk one, and now some of my friends tell me they are out of fashion. Now dear readers I think that anything that is pretty and useful, should never go out of fashion. Am I right?—Mountain Rill.

The Other Side of the Question.

I should like to say to Ann that the point she took in The Blade of Janary 27, in regard to women having enough to do without voting, and that the husband should be the provider and protector, is well taken, and to one sheltered and cared for by a kind husband it perhaps seems strange that a woman should care to vote; but unfortunately many a woman instead of being protected by her husband needs protection from him, and humanity is so linked together that a wrong done to one is an injury to all. Every woman must be to a great extent her own protector, and she can do so more effectively if she has a voice in making the laws. Would the burden of doing this be greater than the living under laws that discriminate against her?

The average man either fails to grasp the situation, or is entirely indifferent to morals in politics, and when he has gone to the polls and voted with his party he seems satisfied that he has done his whole duty; but we fancy if women had the power they would find a way to put a check on the outrages that are being constantly committed against honor and decency, both in the high places of the nation, and among the masses.—J. F. M.

To Mrs. J. J. Matthews and Aunt Annie, who wrote such encouraging, sympathetic letters to Ella G., we wish to say that, though it is against our rule, we forwarded them to the lady, who sends her grateful thanks for their kind words. She wishes the subject dropped with her letter of to-day's issue, so no notice will be taken of any letters to her in the future.—Ed.

Hettie:—Your poem has an excellent sentiment, but mechanically needs a little revising. Cannot you correct it according to the hints given in a recent "Chat," and send it to us again?

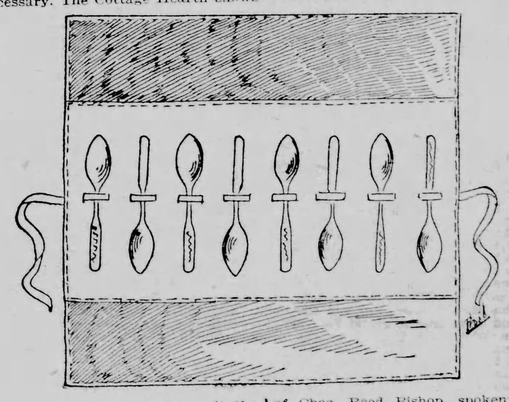
Nex:—Our sympathies were all with you, and we acted accordingly. We are glad the omission pleased you.

THREAD YOUR NEEDLE.

And Make Some Pretty Things for Gifts or Decoration.

Case for Souvenir Spoons.

In these days when there is a fashion for collecting pretty spoons and using them while dispensing tea in the parlor, as is now so much the custom, a case to keep them in which shall look not out of place is quite necessary. The Cottage Hearth shows



one which can be varied to suit the fancy.

Cut a piece of chamois skin 14 inches long and 12 inches wide. Lay it on a board, and through the centre with a sharp pen-knife cut slits at intervals to allow a narrow ribbon to pass through. Bind the chamois with ribbon of the same color as that woven in and out to form the loops for the spoons. Put the spoons through the loops as shown and fold the two sides over them, then roll the whole together. Have a piece of broad ribbon with one end made pointed, and narrow ribbons sewed to it for ties. Put this around the roll and fasten it.

Pretty Fan-Bag.

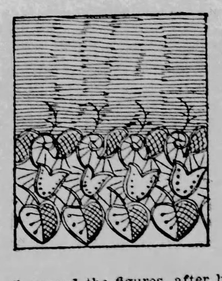
It is always pleasant to have dainty accessories to the toilet, and sometimes these dainty things are extremely convenient. This is the case with the little article shown here. It is a pretty bag in which to carry the prized fan that is to do duty at the party or entertainment. The color chosen should be one that will harmonize with those most common to the wearer. Get a yard of ribbon

four inches wide, and a yard of narrow ribbon or silk cord. Hold the broad ribbon together so as to make a bag a half a yard long and the full width of the ribbon, and sew the sides neatly together. Turn down a hem at the top an inch and a half wide, and run a shirr for the cord or ribbon to be put in to draw it up by.

White moire makes a handsome bag, as also black, the first being pretty for young people and the second for their elders. The illustration shows one of each.

A Pretty Edging.

This may be made of silk and form an exquisite trimming for a bodice, or it can be employed for any other purpose. Draw the pattern carefully upon the silk. Buttonhole with white



silk all around the figures, after having put a fine lace work over each one, and also passed connecting threads from one to the other as shown in the illustration. After this is done cut out the silk under these threads. If done neatly the effect will be very pretty.

"Deephaven," the book offered as a prize for the best description of fancy work sent in before March 1, is one of Sarah Orpe Jewett's best works, and the late edition is a very pretty volume. It is well worth trying for.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

This, That and the Other, by Jean Hunt.

This morning, when looking into the kitchen cupboard, I made a discovery. The girl had crowded into one corner a dozen or more preserve jars and jelly glasses, without washing them! There is much negligence in this matter, and not only are servants the ones who do this, but I know several ladies who are considered good housewives who never wash their glasses until time to use them again; and then they are put into tubs to soak, and there is such trouble to get them clean, just when one has so much else to do. My plan is to wash preserve and jelly jars and glasses as soon as emptied; when fully dry put on the covers, and put upon a shelf in the preserve closet. Then they are ready for use, without any trouble, and are safe.

If I have neglected to answer any inquiries, it is because I have been ill, and did not see the papers for several weeks. I have lately been doing some lovely fancy work, such as doylies, tray cloths, etc., and will send some designs with directions for using, if desired. I am very partial to fancy work that will wash, and since embroidery silks have been brought to such perfection in regard to being fast, I have indulged my taste in this work until I have a lovely lot of table linen. Being an artist, I make most of my own designs. Before I close I must tell you how a lady friend made a nice petticoat. She had four coat linings of black half-wool satine-like goods. A good fitting lining of black that was faced with black goods and bound with braid (this was the sham skirt of a dress she had made over several years ago) was used for the foundation. The linings were cut into four inch ruffles and two and a half inch facings. One and one-half was allowed to each ruffle. They were carefully pieced together, and pressed, then hemmed upon the machine. They were put on with a facing, which was turned up and stitched into place. There were four of the ruffles and they were put on so as to leave a space of one inch between them; the space from the top of the last ruffle to the belt was covered plainly with old cashmere. It is very nice looking, and a warm skirt. —Jean Hunt.

INQUIRIES

Of All Sorts and Sizes from the Household.

Will some one tell me how to sprout sweet potatoes?—Mrs. H. H.

Can some one tell me of a remedy for black-heads, pimples and superfluous hair? Also, something that will clear and whiten the complexion?—Mollie.

Will you tell me why my hair splits at the end and refuses to grow beyond a certain length, and suggest a remedy for it.—Marietta.

Will some one inform me where Robert Dale Owen's book "Footsteps on the Brink of Another World," can be obtained?—Jean Hunt.

Can you oblige me with the address of Chas. Reed Bishop, spoken of in The Blade of January 25?—Mrs. P. F.

"Flo," your request is included in "Mollie's." So we omit it.—Editor.

In making a rag carpet of two colors only—with brown and red warp, should the rags be half one color and half the other, or all one color in order to have the carpet striped lengthwise? —Cynthia.

We think if the rags were of two colors, the effect would be that of plaids or squares instead of stripes.—Ed.

Will some one tell me of a pretty design for painting on a wine-colored felt stand-cover? Please give directions as to colors to be used, as I am only a beginner.—Cynthia.

Answers.

Mrs. F. L. S.—Answers in this column are freely given by the correspondents, who in turn, receive any information they may ask for.

S. E. G.—Thank you for your offer, but the lady's request has been already attended to.

Lida.—We can not send addresses except in very special cases. The request for the song was printed by mistake, but since it has been answered by several different persons, if "Queen" will send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the editor a copy of the song shall be sent her. In the future we shall not print such requests, as we have not space to print the songs, and can not undertake to forward them.

Mountain Rill."—We shall be glad to have you send the directions to "Gertrude" when you have leisure.

"Well Wisher" can color her light blue cashmere in cold weather if she hangs the goods in the house to dry. I colored a blue cashmere a darker shade, drying it in the house, and had a lovely color.—Gypsy.

RECIPES.

"The Way to a Man's Heart," etc.

The Cook's Congress is progressing; delegations from Massachusetts and Ohio having been received this week. The cook will not open the Congress, however, until she is assured of enough lists to keep the ball rolling.

Frilled Eggs.

Separate the yolk from the white, whipping the latter to a stiff froth, with a very little salt. Butter a cup or "patty-pan" and put the white into it, dropping the yolk carefully into the center. Put in the oven and bake a couple of minutes.—H. E. W.

Currant Jelly Sauce.

(For Roast Mutton, Venison, or Rabbit.)

Put into a sauce pan 1-2 cupful of boiling water and dissolve in it 1 tumbler of currant jelly.—Therese.

Canadian Fig Pudding.

1-2 lb. bread crumbs; 1-2 lb. figs; 6 ozs. suet; 6 ozs. brown sugar; 2 eggs; a little salt; 1-2 nutmeg. Wash the figs in hot water, dry in a cloth, mince them and the suet together. Steam four hours. To be eaten with sauce.

Sour Cream Sauce.

(For Boiled Suet Pudding.)

1 cupful sugar; 1-2 cupful thick sour cream; beat for five or six minutes, then put it in sauce tureen and grate nutmeg over it.—Canuck.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS.

Give "Housekeeper Hazel" a Hearty Welcome.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds: May I come in? I am not so young as most of you seem to be. I shall be 23 tomorrow. Some folks tell me I will be an "old maid." That is my intention. My mother died when I was 8 years old, leaving my father with three little children, two brothers younger than myself. He never remarried, and I have kept house for him since I was 11 years old. He has been very, very good to me in not bringing in a step-mother, I think. Girls, let me tell you something: If you have a mother help her in every way you can. You do not know what a "home is without a mother." Sometimes when I am all alone and lonesome, I feel as if my mother were watching me. If this escapes the waste basket I will write again.—Hazel.

A Missouri Maiden Speaks.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds: Will you admit a member from old Missouri? I think I have read as many books as any ordinary country girl, and my favorites are Ben-Hur, Uncle Tom's Cabin, and Black Beauty. Dickens is certainly a great author, but I did not like his books as well as I imagined I should before I read them. Miss Alcott is a favorite of mine; I think when she died America lost one of her grandest, noblest women. I am deeply interested in "A Fair Virginian," and think it the best story the Blade has printed for some time. Some of the girls are criticising Bertha Clay and Charlotte Braeme. I think their stories are good. Perhaps they think like some one that I heard remark the other day that they write too much love and not enough sense. I wish to ask, is there anything in this life one half as grand as love? I do not mean a mad passion such as attacks us school girls sometimes, but a deep, pure love, such as we suppose Lillian Earle in "Dora Thorne" felt for the man she married.—Bitter-Sweet.

What! Twenty-Two and Not Engaged!

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds: I am very timid, so I am almost afraid you will not admit me to the Merry-Go-Rounds. If you do this time I will come again. Has any one read "The New Graft," by Pansy? I have, and would like very much to know what some one else thinks of it. For my part, I think it is a grand book, and "Louise" is my ideal woman. I am rather inclined to think that some of the girls are looking for an ideal young man, who is not to be found. Are there many girls who live to be 22 years old without being engaged? If so, will some of the members of the Merry-Go-Round tell me what they think about them?—Beauty.

By the way, girls, are you willing to admit the "boys" into your corner? There are several waiting your permission to enter, and as it is impossible to give them "a hearing" unless you do "open your hearts" to them, the Editor decided to put the matter before you.—Ed.

"Apple Blossom's" Ambition.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds: Though I read all your letters with interest, this is my first attempt to add to our column. I agree with Missouri Wild Rose that chewing gum for girls and chewing tobacco for boys is an improper habit, and to this I add dancing and card playing. I am fond of reading any good books and papers, and my ambition is to become a milliner and dress maker.—Apple Blossom.

"Ruskin" Has Another Admirer.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds: I wonder how many of the girls especially admire Ruskin. I think he is grand. And how many of you have read Alexander Dumas' Monte Christo or Victor Hugo's Les Miserables? Portia, what do you think of Tennyson's "Elaine?" My favorite studies are Latin, French, literature and elocution. I would like to correspond with some of the girls.—Water Lily.

Wild Roses Are Always Acceptable

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds: Will you admit another stranger into your merry circle? Callie, I wonder how far apart we are, as we both live in the same state. My favorite author is Charlotte M. Braeme, though I have just read "A Face Illumined," by E. P. Roe, and thought it splendid. I am very fond of reading. "Kathleen," I am a veteran's daughter, and live in the country, as you see by my name, "Wild Rose."

Well Done, Miss Edith!

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds: I wonder if any of the girls like to piece quilts. I am 14 years old, and am finishing my fifth quilt. I think that country people enjoy reading as much or more than city folks, because there is less "going on" to interest them in the country. I read all the papers we take, including the Blade, which I like very much. My favorite studies are arithmetic and reading. I would like to become a dressmaker.—Edith.

How to Live a Century.

First, live as much as possible out of doors, never letting a day pass without spending at least three or four hours in the open air.

Second, keep all the powers of mind and body occupied in congenial work. The muscles should be developed, and the mind kept active.

Third, avoid excesses of all kinds, whether of food, drink, or of whatever nature they may be. Be moderate in all things.

Fourth, never despair. Be cheerful at all times. Never give way to anger. Never let the trials of one day pass over to the next.

The period from fifty to seventy-five should not be passed in illness or abandonment of all work. Here is where a great many men fail. They resign all care of interest in worldly affairs, and rest of mind and body begins. They throw up their business and retire to private life, which in too many cases proves to be a suicidal policy.

During the next period—the period from seventy-five to one hundred years, while the powers of life are at their lowest ebb—one cannot be too careful about catching cold. Bronchitis is a most prolific cause of death in the aged. During this last period rest should be in abundance.

Anybody who can follow these directions ought to live to be one hundred years old at least. There is always this comfort, however, if we cannot live up to our ideas always, we can at least try our best to do so, and the steady effort will be bringing us constantly nearer them.—Medical Age.

French Women of Business.

The French woman, unlike her English sister, has, as a rule, a very good business education. In the common schools she is taught household bookkeeping, and is given lessons in purchasing and useful expenditure. As a wife she is expected generally to help her husband in his business, and sometimes she manages it entirely for him. In the small stores she acts as clerk for him, and in the larger ones she is an equal partner. The Bon Marche was made famous by Mme. Boucicault, who helped her husband to found and maintain the establishment, and after his death she took entire charge of it. Her system was one of so much kindness and consideration toward her employes that they called her "the Lady of the Bon Marche," and looked upon her almost as a saint. There are many other establishments in Paris managed by women. Mme. Coquelin, it is said, invests all her husband's money for him, and many of the wives of artists manage the selling and exhibition of their husbands' works, attending to the collecting and paying of debts, obtain orders, and call upon newspaper men, doing all the necessary work to make their husbands' artistic efforts profitable.—Woman.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

COL. THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, AUTHOR, REFORMER.

Where He Was Born and Educated—Always True to His Sense of Right—His Literary Work.

An author who has contributed a great deal to current literature besides publishing many books, who stands in the front rank not only for his literary labors, but for his known sympathy with all reforms; who has been soldier, historian, essayist and poet, is Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson. It is pleasant to think of such a life as his—pleasant to write its record, even though it must be compressed, as now, in such limited space.

Mr. Higginson was born in Cambridge in the closing month of the year 1823. In 1841 he was graduated

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

at Harvard and six years after at the divinity school. The same year he was ordained and began preaching in the First Congregational church at Newburyport. His free-soll proclivities made him distasteful to his people and he resigned in 1850. A year or two later he became the pastor of a free church in Worcester where he remained until 1858. This was the last of his pulpit charges, as he then left the ministry to devote himself to literature.

Theodore Parker and Wendell Phillips were concerned with him in the early anti-slavery days when to try to save runaway slaves from pursuers made them subject to the law. He was active in everything that bore upon the freedom of the race either white or black, and this train is as evident now as in the days of his youth. For years he has been an ardent advocate of woman suffrage supporting it by voice and influence everywhere.

During the war he was in active service first as captain of the 51st Massachusetts regiment and then as colonel of the First regiment of freed slaves that was mustered into service. He received a wound in the summer of 1863 which compelled his resignation in 1864. Since that time he has lived in Cambridge and there at his beautiful home he recently celebrated his 70th birthday. We read with pleasure of how all united to honor this "distinguished man of letters, the earnest advocate of social progress, and the one who added heroic example to high precept on the breaking out of the war.

Col. Higginson is still hale and hearty. With undimmed eye and hair barely streaked with gray, erect and full of vigor, none can associate mental or physical decay with him, but rather many more years of life in which to add to the noble work he has already accomplished.

It is impossible here to give the long list of his works, but some of them are as follows: "Outdoor Papers," "Young Folks' History of the United States," "Army Life in a Black Regiment," "Common Sense About Women," "Life of Margaret Fuller Ossoli," "Oldport Days," "The Monarch of Dreams," and several most excellent translations from other languages. Of course this does not nearly cover the ground, but it gives an idea of his literary work. He himself counts of his literary accomplishment four things which have had a great influence upon the community. These are "Outdoor Papers," "The Sympathy of Religion," "Ought Women to Learn the Alphabet," and the "Young Folks History of the United States." The second was what led the Rev. Dr. Barrows of Chicago to the thought resulting in the Parliament of Religions.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE

A mother lobster, with her daughter
Cavorting near their native water,
And closely watching, as she talked,
The style in which the latter walked,
Rebuked her for her awkward way
Of locomotion: "Tell me, pray,
The matron scolded, "why instead
Of backward, you don't go ahead?
Such awkwardness! Of course, you know
'Tis not the proper way to go;
Dear, folks of sense in this will shun
And make yourself a laughing stock."
"What?" said the child, "do you suppose
I don't know how my mother goes?
Shall I adopt the plan you say,
While all the rest go t'other way?
I really haven't got the face
To change the custom of my race;
In need not put you in a passion,
I merely mean to fashion
And, having learned the way from you,
I'll walk—as other lobsters do."

MORAL.

To fix a good or evil course,
Example is of potent force;
And they who wish the young to teach
Must even practice what they preach.

JOHN G. SAXE.

Barney's Turkey Call.

Barney Watson was sitting out on the woodpile near his father's house, scraping away at something with a bit of broken window-glass, when along came Benton Sayles, a boy of about Barney's age, and one of his bosom friends.

"Hello, Barney!" called out Benton, in lavish greeting.

"Hello!" responded Barney, cordially, looking up quickly, but keeping right on with the scraping process.

"What are you doing, asked Benton, after climbing the fence and coming nearer.

"Oh, nothing much!" replied Barney.

"Why are you scraping that piece of bone?"

"Oh, just to be 'doing!'" said Barney, evasively.

"I know better," was Benton's rather tart reply, "but, if you don't want to tell me, you don't have to."

"I know I don't," replied Barney, with a taunting little laugh.

Then he glanced up and said, good-humoredly:

"I was just teasing you a little, Bent. I'm making a 'turkey call.'"

"A 'turkey call?'"

"That's what I said."

"What in creation is a 'turkey call?'"

"You never heard of a 'turkey call?'"

"No; and I don't believe you ever heard of one until very lately, or you'd have told me about it. What's it for?"

"To call turkeys with."

"Wild turkeys?"

Barney nodded his head, and Benton stooped over and gazed curiously at the piece of bone Barney was still scraping.

"I'll tell you all about it," said Barney, dropping his bantering tone. "There was a peddler at our house last night, and in the evening he went down to the wood pasture with me, when I went after the cows, and while we were there he saw some turkey tracks in the mud by the brook, and he whipped a little polished bit of bone out of his vest pocket and made a sound exactly like the call of a wild turkey—exactly."

"How did he do it?"

"With the bone from the wing of a turkey—a bone like this."

Barney held up the bit of bone he was scraping, and added:

"After the peddler had made the call three or four times we sat down and listened, and by-and-by we heard a faint call in reply, a long ways off; but we didn't have any gun, and it was nearly dark then, so we didn't try to find the turkeys. But the call the peddler made was so life-like that the real turkeys answered it."

"They did?"

"Yes, sir, they did; and the peddler told me just how to make the 'turkey call,' and I'm making one now. We killed a turkey this morning to send my Aunt Hannah, in town, and mother gave me the wing to make a call out of."

"How do you make it?"

"Well, you see, I take the little bone in the first joint of the turkey's wing, and I file it off a quarter of an inch from the main bone, so as to expose the hollow end. Then I cleaned out the marrow in the hollow of the bone, and now I'm scraping the bone with this bit of glass to get it perfectly clean, and then I'm going to lay it away for a day or two to dry, and there you have the whole business."

"But how do you make the call, after the bone is dry?" Benton asked, eagerly.

"Easy as falling off a log," said Barney. "You take the bone, using both hands, and you leave one end in the hollow made by the hands and put the other end in your mouth. Then you draw on it as you would a pipe; then you hear a sound like the call of a wild turkey. You'll be surprised to hear how natural you can make the call sound after a little practice, particularly if the bone is scraped quite thin. I haven't this one nearly thin enough yet. The thinner the bone is scraped, the clearer the sound will be."

"I guess I'll make one," said Benton.

"Oh, you 'guess' you will, eh?" replied Barney, sarcastically. "Now, you know very well that you'll have one before night, if you have to steal a turkey to make it out of."

Benton laughed lightly at this, and Barney added:

"I don't care if you do make one, Bent; but I don't believe that we want to make too many of them in this neighborhood. There's very few wild turkeys around here, you know."

"I know," replied Benton, "and I think it'd be just as well for you and me to keep this little turkey-call business to ourselves."

"Well, I don't want to be selfish or piggish, Bent, but I don't know of any reason why we should give this little snap away to everybody. Of course I'd tell you."

"And I'd have told you about it, too, if I'd found out first," assured Benton, quickly.

"I know you would, but we won't let it go any farther. You make one, and we'll go on a big turkey hunt the first spare day we can get."

The boys were the sons of industrious farmers, who were firm believers in a great deal of industry as wholesome and essential in the development of energy and character in boys, so Benton and Barney did not have many idle days.

But each boy made a "turkey-call," and both were delighted and surprised with the success of the clever little invention that meant surprise but not pleasure to the innocent turkeys it might lure to destruction.

"It seems rather mean to fool the poor birds so, doesn't it?" said Barney. "Now, they'll hear that call, and they'll follow it up, thinking they're going to meet their brothers or sisters, or uncles and aunts, or maybe their sweethearts, and here we pop out with our guns and bang away at them, poor things!"

At which solemn remark Benton only laughed.

A few days subsequent a half holiday came unexpectedly to Barney. It was on Saturday, and his father said at the dinner-table:

"Well, Barney, there isn't much to do to-day, and you've worked so faithfully all week that you can go to town this afternoon and have a little visit with your cousins if you want to."

"I'd rather go some place else," replied Barney.

"Where?"

"Out hunting."

"Very well; go out hunting if you'd rather, but be careful of that gun of yours. I'm always uneasy when you are out alone with it, and I'm half sorry I didn't wait until you were a year or two older before getting it for you."

The handsome, shining little rifle Barney flung so proudly over his shoulder when starting for the woods half an hour later had been a present to him from his father on his last birthday.

He was seventeen at that time, and a gun of his own had been his most cherished desire for several years.

He lived in a part of the West that was quite new at the time, and the woods were full of game and the streams full of fish.

"I'll go over to Bent's house and see if he can't go with me," said Barney to himself, as he started out; "and we'll try our new turkey-calls. Father says he saw fresh turkey tracks in Henly's woods yesterday."

The Sayles farmhouse was more than a mile from the Watson farm, and a heavy growth of timber covered most of the ground between the two houses.

Barney was hurrying along through this growth of timber, when he stopped suddenly and gave utterance to a vigorous "Aha!"

In a little open space at his feet, where the ground was soft, were turkey tracks distinctly outlined, and as he gave utterance to the exclamation he stooped over and picked up the long tail feather of a turkey.

Out came his new turkey-call from his pocket. It was very dry and thin now. He held it between his hands, and the call sounded clearly and distinctly throughout the woods.

Barney waited a minute, and again sounded the call. It was a perfectly clear and wonderfully calm day. So slight a noise as the breaking of a twig under his foot could be heard a long distance, and it seemed to Barney that the turkey-call fairly filled the woods.

He was about to give a third call, when, faint and far away, came a response. Joy!

"Good enough," said Barney, giving the turkey call a little shake of approval. "You work like a charm."

He called again, and the responsive call was repeated, but it still seemed far away, and Barney could not exactly tell the direction from whence it came.

He walked around in the woods calling and calling, and by and by the responsive calls sounded nearer, and Barney could tell that they came from some point south of him.

He walked cautiously in that direction, still calling at frequent intervals and still getting responsive calls.

He became greatly excited, for he had never yet been able to bring down a wild turkey, and his father had intimated in a very annoying way that wild turkeys were a sort of game considerably beyond the range of Barney's skill as a marksman.

"I think he'll change his mind when I go home with three or four of them on my back," said Barney. "And I can sell them for a dollar and a quarter at each hotel in town.

So he hurried on eagera nd expectant.

Nearer and nearer came the responsive call of the deluded game, and Barney said to himself:

"You poor, silly things! I suppose you think you're coming to friends instead of to foes. You'll open your eyes when you find out the difference."

The answering calls now sounded so near that Barney began skulking along in the thick underbrush, to keep from being seen by the approaching turkeys.

Coming to a dense growth of hazel bushes, he crawled in among them, and began calling softly and coaxingly.

There was quite a little open space right in front of him—a place where some one had cut out the timber with the intention of building a cabin on the spot, and had then given up the plan.

Barney hoped to lure the game into coming out into this little clearing, when he would have a fair crack at them. He sat in the bushes, calling as softly and presuasive'y as he could on the turkey call.

The responsive calls were equally cajoling, and Barney said to himself, with a little laugh:

"The sly creatures! They're pretty cute, and they're not going to be in any hurry about showing themselves, even to their relations."

Barney began to grow impatient after five or ten minutes of useless calling.

The return calls sounded plainly and softly from the thick brush and timber across the open space, but the game would not come out into the clearing.

"I'll get you out of there in some way," said Barney to himself, "or I'll— Why?"

To his unspeakable surprise a big stone had come crashing into the bushes within an inch of his head. It struck his gun-stock and bounded up, striking him on the end of the nose.

Picking it up, he sent it flying across the clearing, saying angrily and comically:

"I'll show you how to throw stones!"

At the same instant a ringing shout came from the woods opposite Barney.

He rushed out into the open space, the opposite brush parted, and he stood face to face with Benton Sayles.

"Why—why—Bent!" gasped out Barney.

"Why—Barney Watson!"

"Look here, Bent Sayles, was that you, doing all that turkey calling over there?"

"Was it you doing all that calling over here?"

"Of course it was!"

"And of course I was the other turkey."

"And you threw that rock?"

"Yes; I wanted to make you rise."

"Rise! Well, I've risen."

"And so have I."

"And I—I— Well, if this don't beat the Dutch!"

Then they lay down on the grass and laughed like two jolly sensible boys that they were. Finally Barney said:

"Say, Bent, we don't want this thing to get out."

"Cracky, no! We'd never hear the end of it from the other boys if we did."

Nevertheless, it did "get out" in some way; for I am one of the "other boys" who heard all about it before a week.

Barney told me. He said it was too good a joke to keep.—Golden Days.

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OUR WONDER COLUMN.

1.—WHAT AM I?

I am quite a traveler, in my way, and before I start on my journey over the plains, the friend who conducts me roughes me by a dip into a cold bath. I am unselfish you must admit, for I travel not for my own pleasure or profit, but that my journeys may benefit mankind. I have pointed out the way into all languages, countries and sciences. Perhaps the reason I am so fond of traveling is because at one time I assisted the birds to their flights through the air. I often fall into such feeble health during my journey that nothing but a surgical operation with a sharp knife cures my complaint. I am fond of music and often as I go

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

FOR THE THIRD TIME

Fire Broke Out in the World's Fair Grounds on the 14th.

Chicago, Feb. 14.—Fire broke out at 11 a. m. to-day in the Colonnade, between the Agricultural building and Machinery hall, World's Fair grounds. It gained rapid headway and the fire department available in the district was massed at the point of damage.

Fire was first seen about 100 yards west of the part burned last week; it was inside the colonnade, and skirting the south of the canal separating the agricultural building and machinery hall. Starting at a point nearly back of the Egyptian obelisk it spread east and west through the colonnade covering a distance of 80 feet.

The light wood work offered little resistence to the flames, and the pillars and ornate roof decorations along the colonnade were soon in ruins. Three groups of animals in statuary standing on the roof, were burned.

Chicago, Feb. 14.—Twenty firemen were under the main part of the colonnade when Fire Marshal O'Malley, fearing that the central portion of the structure would fall, ordered them out. They had hardly drew away from the place when the top of the colonnade was seen to rock for a moment and the same instant it fell crashing to the ground, carrying with it the magnificent quadriga, by Wagner, that adorned the centarl part of the top colonnade.

Manager E. R. Graham, of the grounds and buildings, directed that the smaller colonnade, connecting the machinery hall and agricultural building be destroyed to keep the flames from reaching these buildings.

ANOTHER TRAIN ROBBERY.

Southern Pacific Express Wrecked by Bandits.

Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 16.—Southern Pacific train No. 20, was robbed at Roscoe station this morning about 1 o'clock. The train reached Burbank, about six miles north of this city, and reported back all right. At Roscoe, four miles north of Burbank, there is no station, but a siding. As the train approached this switch, Engineer Thomas saw, too late, that the switch was misplaced, and vainly tried to stop the train, but he could not do it, and the engine and two fruit cars of oranges went into the ditch, the engine turning over and burying the engineer and fireman. The two fruit cars were a total wreck. As soon as the wreck occurred three masked men sprang up out of the bushes, and commenced a fusilade, and everyone knew that the mission of the desperadoes was robbery.

A few seconds later a couple of dynamite bombs were placed under the express car. The messenger refused to open the door, and the whole side was blown off. Brakeman Foster rose to the emergency, as soon as he heard the shots, and made a run for a neighboring ranch house, where he saw a light. Here he got a team and drove back to Burbank, and gave the alarm. He can not tell how much the robbers got, but it probable that they clearned out the express car, as they had their own way when he left. He said that Engineer Thomas was badly hurt, as well as the fireman, and Dr. Ainsworth, the company's surgeon here, left on a light engine for the scene.

CONDEMNED AND FORFEITED.

The Schooner Alexander Violated Bering Sea Regulations.

Port Townsend, Wash., Feb. 15.—The schooner Alexander of San Francisco was condemned and forfeited to the government in the District court, Sitka, Alaska, February 6, on a charge of hunting and killing sea otter in Alaska water between the Islands and overbanks or sounding more than three miles from shore.

The decision is very important to Alaska fur interests for the reason that it involves a question of whether the United States can exercise jurisdiction more than three miles from shore to protect fur-bearing animals. The Alexander was owned by the Pacific Trading company, and was seized last July by the revenue cutter Rush near the Shumagin group. An appeal will be taken to the Supreme court.

A WHALEBACK WAR-SHIP.

The Navy Department Will Probably Buy One.

West Superior, Wis., Feb. 14.—Captain Alex McDougall of this city recently caused plans and specifications of a whaleback war ship to be secretly sent to his address at Washington, D. C. Since the designs have reached him he has had frequent meetings with Secretary Hubert of the navy and the result is that a commission has been appointed to examine and report upon the propriety of constructing a man of war of the whaleback principle or remodeling one of the old ships for use on the great lakes.

A PECULIAR CASE.

A Child Returns to Life While Being Prepared for Burial.

Elmira, Feb. 16.—On Tuesday an Elmira undertaker was called to Gilletts, Pa., where the diphtheria has been raging, to prepare for the burial of Nathan, the little son of Mr. and Mrs. John Kingsland, who had apparently died from the disease. When the body had been got ready, and just as it was being laid in the casket, to the astonishment of all, signs of life became apparent, and soon the child emitted a cough. Consciousness soon returned, and the little fellow was put back in bed and immediately began to improve. He is now considered out of danger.

NO MORE FAST DAYS.

Massachusetts Legislators Do Away With the Old Custom.

Boston, Feb. 16.—The lower House voted to abolish Fast Day and substitute as a holiday the 19th day of April. The debate was very bitter, and outside of this Commonwealth would have been astonishing. There was a good deal of religious feeling shown in the pleas for keeping up the venerable institutions of the Fathers. The point was made on the other side that this was the last vestige in America of the union of the church and state, and that it was not consistent with republican idea of liberty of conscience.

PAN HANDLE CATTLE GROWERS

Experienced Great Losses in the Recent Storm.

Denver, Feb. 16.—Assistant Secretary Zell, of the Colorado Cattle Growers' association, who has arrived from Fort Worth, Tex., via the Gulf railroad, brings the report of great losses to the cattle growers of the Pan-Handle country.

He says the recent storm is probably the worst ever experienced there.

FOR A NEW TRIAL.

Arguments in the Prendergast Case Were Again Postponed.

Chicago, Feb. 14.—Arguments on the question of a new trial for Prendergast, the slayer of Mayor Harrison, were postponed to-day before Judge Brentano, owing to a disagreement of council.

Prendergast appeared in court in much better physical condition than at the time of his trial. He appeared extremely nervous and ill at ease.

Cleveland Won It.

Cincinnati, Feb. 16.—The contest for the general conference of the Methodist Episcopal church to be held in 1896 narrowed down yesterday to a hot fight between Cleveland and Indianapolis. Cleveland won by a vote of 9 to 3, and 3 for Detroit.

Mrs. Myra Bradwell Dead.

Chicago, Feb. 14.—Mrs. Myra Bradwell died to-day after a long illness. Mrs. Bradwell was the proprietor of the Chicago Legal News, and the first woman in the United States to be admitted to the bar.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE CONVENTION.

Interesting Report of the Secretary—Mrs. Stanton's Tribute.

Washington, Feb. 16.—The ladies attending the woman's suffrage convention were tardy in arriving at Metzerott hall to-day and consequently it was late when Miss Anthony called the convention to order. A number of additional delegates have arrived since yesterday.

The convention then listened to the corresponding secretary of the association, Mrs. Rachel Foster Avery.

The report of the secretary said that the advances along the line of woman suffrage had been very great and unusually encouraging even for those encouraging times. The splendid and almost unhoped-for victory in Colorado had prepared all for more

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

devoted work even in the face of difficulties which may appear insurmountable. Among all the rejoicings none had seemed so significant of a change in public sentiment as the rejoicing of the Wellesly students where the girls who are receiving the higher education, which is one of the first fruits of the struggle for political rights, are awakening to the underlying principle of justice between the sexes the future of the cause was, Mrs. Avery said, in safe hands. She referred to the disappointed hopes of the women of Michigan and New York, where certain laws on the subject of woman suffrage had been declared unconstitutional.

Speaking of New York, she asked what cared the women there at this great crisis of their political history. They were organizing the grandest campaign for equality of rights that the country had yet seen. Looking further away we find, said the report, "the past year made memorable in woman suffrage annals by the extension of the franchise to the women of New Zealand and by their eager and enthusiastic entry into political life at the late election when one-third of the votes were cast by the women, and when the proportion of defective ballots was smaller than ever before.

Miss Stanton's Paper.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton had prepared a paper. Mrs. Stanton is not attending the convention this year, and her paper was read by one of the members of the society. Concerning George W. Childs, the paper said:

"In the death of George W. Childs, another striking figure disappears from our horizon. He was the first journalist to employ women in his printing office and pay them equal wages with men, and to place a woman at the head of an editorial department of his paper, devoted to women.

"He brought from England the first trained nurses and established them in Blockly hospital. He was instrumental in getting a woman physician in the woman's department in the insane asylum at Norristown with absolute control. His influence was exerted in the organization of the Drexel institute to secure equal advantages in every department for boys and girls.

He contributed liberally to the national suffrage association. He distributed the bulk of his fortune, during his life, to worthy objects, and left a handsome fortune to his wife to use, will and bequeath as she saw fit."

Concerning Lucy Stone, Mrs. Stanton said in part: "The many and beautiful tributes paid Lucy Stone, in all parts of the country, must have been highly satisfactory to all who knew and loved her. I think we can say that no woman in the country has been so widely and respectfully mentioned by the press, the pulpit and the people."

Leland Stanford, Mrs. Stanton regarded as a pre-eminently self-made man. He had said that he considered the emancipation of woman the vital question of the country.

In all circumstances, in richness and poverty, alike, he maintained an integrity, purity and generosity of character, that commanded the confidence and admiration of all who knew him. The crowning act of his life in honoring woman was in leaving his wife possessor and manager of his vast estate of $70,000,000. With rare executive ability, she is managing the stocks and bonds of the bank, railroads and the university just as her husband did in his life.

AMONG THE SEA ISLANDERS.

Miss Clara Barton and Her Red Cross Society in the South.

Charleston, S. C., Feb. 16.—Miss Clara Barton, president of the American National Red Cross, accompanied by Field Agents Hubbell and Pullman with three assistants, have arrived here, bound for Beaufort, S. C., where the Red Cross has done such noble work in behalf of the thousands of poor people on the South Carolina Sea Islands who lost everything in the great storm last fall. The party is admirably prepared for entering upon the second half of the great work of relief. The revenue cutters detailed by Secretary Carlisle to distribute the contributions of food and clothing are still at the disposal of the Red Cross, and will continue the work assigned to them as long as their assistance is required.

DIXIE INTERSTATE FAIR.

Interesting Exposition to be Held at Macon, Ga.

Macon, Ga., Feb. 19.—The Dixie Inter-state fair at Macon, in the fall of this year, will represent the South for the expositions of 1894. The exposition will be held for a period of thirty days under the auspices of the Macon Exposition company and the State Agricultural society.

The exposition will be chiefly agricultural and industrial and the city of Macon will expend a large sum of money in making the undertaking a success. A magnificent park of 237 acres with circular mile track has been given by the city for the purpose and buildings covering a large part of the ground will be erected during the summer months.

NEW STAR IN NORMA.

Interesting Astronomical Information From Lick Observatory.

San Jose, Cal., Feb. 15.—This information concerning the new star in Norma, has been furnished the Associated Press:

Lick Observatory, Feb. 15.—The new star in Norma discovered by photography for the Harvard college expedition to Peru, has been too close to the sun to be seen until yesterday morning. It was observed just before sunrise by Prof. Campbell, at the Lick observatory.

Its magnitude is 9 1-2 or 10. Its spectrum consists of four bright lines on a continuous spectrum. The relative intensities and positions of the lines are identical with those of the four bright lines in the spectrum of the new star in Auriga in 1892. The spectrum is therefore that of a nebulae.

(Signed) E. S. HOLDEN.

GEN. JUBAL A. EARLY

Seriously Injured by a Fall at Richmond, Va.

Richmond, Feb. 17.—General Jubal A. Early fell down the steps of the Lynchburg postoffice Thursday evening and received injuries that may prove fatal. He is now in a serious condition.

BIG MEETING AT PITTSBURG.

Western Pennsylvania Is in Favor of McKinley.

Pittsburg, Pa., Feb. 16.—The Presidential race of 1896 was opened in Pittsburg last night by one of the largest meetings ever held in Western Pennsylvania. The star orator was Governor McKinley, who made a tariff speech that awoke the echoes of old city hall, and brought forth popular cries of approval from thousands of horny-handed sons of toil. The audience yelled itself hoarse crying "McKinley in '96," and many would have carried the apostle of protection out on their shoulders had the governor not managed to get away from them.

Before Governor McKinley was introduced, the candidate for congressman-at-large, Galusha A. Grow, addressed the audience, and was accorded an enthusiastic reception. His speech was a general exposition of free trade fallacies as advanced by the Democratic administration.

McKinley Opened Up.

Governor McKinley opened with a masterly review of the long and almost unbroken period of prosperity experienced under a protective tariff. He placed the entire burden of blame of the business depression to the want of confidence occasioned by the change of administration. The nation, he said, is attending the school of experience. The tuition is free, but the incumbent expenses are enormous. A compulsory education, he termed it, the national disapproval of which was entirely manifest. To amend its evils the only remedy was a vote for protection. Next Tuesday was the date he named for the commencement day of the good work, when the people will sow the seeds of a whirlwind that will sweep the Democratic party to destruction in '96. When the audience permitted him, Governor McKinley again settled down to one of his proverbial talks on the tariff. His speech, fraught with the bright pictures of the past, dismal sketches of the present and prophecies of a prosperous business revival, with a logical exposition of the errors contained in the income tax clauses, carried conviction to the hearts of his hearers that the keynote of the situation was struck when he so lucidly presented his advocacy of protection.

When the governor drifted to a discussion of the Hawaiian question his caustic comments on Cleveland's Quixotic attitude toward the dusky queen in her strife for restoration of royal prerogative evoked a storm of hisses for the President's policy and cheers for McKinley in '96. When the governor concluded his remarks on the Hawaiian blunder his hearers felt convinced the speaker's picture of the affair was one of the most ludicrous on the President's part they had ever heard. When he started in to conclude his masterly address the audience refused to listen to excuses by cries for "more protection."

The smiling governor continued on the tariff as it related especially to the domestic industries of Pittsburg. During the talk he read an extract from a tariff speech made by Lincoln in Pittsburg 31 years ago to-day. The marked similarity of the arguments advanced by both provoked long rounds of applause. Governor McKinley concluded his speech by a hearty boost for candidate for Congressman-at large Grow. "Come forth next Tuesday," he said, "and with the keenest weapon known to the hands of intelligent citizens, strike sharp and sure at the very life center of this business-paralyzing, wage-reducing, queen-restoring administration."

At the conclusion of his speech the meeting, acknowledged by all to be the first boom for McKinley in '96 broke up, well satisfied and with brighter hopes for the future.

STONE PAID THE PENALTY

For the Wholesale Butchery of the Wratten Family.

Jeffersonville, Ind., Feb. 16.—James E. Stone was executed at 12:08 this morning. The sextuple murderer kept up his air of bravado until the last

JAMES E. STONE.

moment. The death warrant was read to him by Warden Patten at 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon. During the reading, Stone preserved the same stoicism that was characteristic of the man during his stay in the prison.

His spiritual adviser attempted to bring him to a realization of his near approach to jeopardy, but, in the language of the warden, "He tried to the last to bluff God Almighty and everybody else."

Stone walked to the gallows without

MRS. WRATTEN.

a tremor, and met his doom without a word of excuse for his horrible crime. The animal in his nature was exhibited to the last moment. His neck was broken by the fall, and there was no movement of the body after he passed through the trap.

FERRIS WHEEL IN HOCK.

The Exposition Authorities Want $84,000 Out of It.

Chicago, Feb. 15.—The Ferris wheel is still in hock. Officers of the company refuse to pay managers of the exposition what they owe them, and the World's Fair people are holding on to the wheel. They declare that they will not allow Mr. Ferris and his friends to tear it down until they settle a claim of $84,000. This claim has been in dispute since the early days of last October. After the big wheel had earned its cost, $300,000, Mr. Ferris began to give the exposition company one-half of all the money he took in. He paid Treasurer Seeberger $127,000 and then refused to pay any more. This was early in October, when the cars were full from morning to night. From that time on the wheel took in $168,000, of which the exposition company should have received one-half. They sued for the amount.

A Wild Western Romance.

Guthrie, Okla., Feb. 16.—The sheriff of County M. in the Cherokee Strip, with a warrant for the arrest of J. H. Conkling for horse stealing, found him at the home of his sweetheart yesterday, and arrested him in her presence. They searched him for weapons, but just as they were about to start away with him he drew a knife that had been overlooked and plunged it into his breast at the region of the heart. The blade did not reach a vital spot, however, and after the wound had been dressed he was taken to jail, where the girl will nurse him.

M'KANE FOUND GUILTY.

Sentenced to Six Years in the Penitentiary.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 15.—The jury in the McKane trial filed into the court room this morning and five minutes later the prisoner appeared in charge of a deputy sheriff.

He was surrounded by his counsel

JOHN Y. McKANE.

and his faithful friends from Gravesend.

Mr. Shepard and the counsel for the prosecution sat around their tables. Clerk Byrne asked the foreman of the jury if they had agreed upon a verdict.

"We have," was the answer.

"What is it?"

"Guilty."

The prisoner sat quiet, but his friends were very much affected. The verdict may mean an imprisonment in state prison for two years or less, at the discretion of the court.

McKane is now in the Raymond street jail, awaiting the sentence which is to be pronounced on him Monday morning at 9 o'clock. Only the clemency to which the jury so earnestly recommended him hangs between the ex-czar of Gravesend and a term of incarceration in prison. In view of this the prisoner may receive something less than the full limit of the law. An appeal to the general term and to the court of Appeals stand in the way of the execution of the sentence whatever it may be. But the lawyers who have heard the trial feel confident that these appeals mean merely delay and not reversal.

GOLD OUTPUT FOR 1893.

Interesting Figures Received From the Treasury Department.

Washington, Feb. 15.—Returns received at the Treasury department indicate that the gold out put for 1893 will reach the almost unprecedented amount of $37,000,000, an increase over 1892 of $4,000,000. In Colorado the output has increased from $2,000,000 in 1892 to $5,000,000 in 1893, while the gains in the other gold producing sections are unusually large.

The Australian production will carry the production of the world, it is thought, to $150,000,000, which is a gain of $12,000,000 for the year. With one or two exceptions this is the largest output ever known.

The gold fields of South Africa seem to be rapidly taking the lead of the California and Australian fields as the bonanza finds of the present decade. Reports from the Witwatersrandt region alone show a total product for 1893 of 1,478,476 ounces of ore, yielding a product of refined gold of a value in excess of $25,000,000. The production in this region is increasing at an astonishing rate, and South Africa bids fair during the present year to push her way to the head of the list of gold-producing countries. The figures for 1892 put Australia at the head of the list, with a production of $33,870,800; the United States second at $33,000,000; Russia third at $24,806,200, and Africa fourth at $23,706,600.

The full returns from South Africa for 1893 will probably show a production in excess of $30,000,000, which will force her into third place, and if the increase continues she will pass Russia during 1894, and will be beaten by the United States in aggregate production only by means of a large increase in this country.

The production of silver, according to the reports received at the mint, has fallen off during the past year, and will not exceed $175,000 in coining value for 1893, as the coining value is now more than twice the market value. The actual mercantile value of the silver mined will drop below $90,000,000, the smallest figure for many years.

BEFORE JUDGE CALDWELL.

The Conflicting Opinions of Judges Hallett and Dundy.

St. Louis, Feb. 15.—Attorneys Thurston and Corwin, who came here to endeavor to secure an order harmonizing the contradictory opinions of Judge Dundy, of Omaha, and Judge Hallett, of Denver, have met with a surprise at the hands of Circuit Judge Caldwell. In an informal talk with Judge Caldwell to secure a date for a hearing, Mr. Thurston gave a resume of the existing state of affairs, reciting what the courts as well as the receivers had done, devoting himself more especially to the annulling by the receivers of the wage schedule and their order placing a new and reduced one into effect March 1, together with the order of Judge Dundy recognizing the propriety of such action, and the action of Judge Hallett, in effect, contrary to that order.

Gen. Thurston said that the failure of Judge Hallett to make an order on the subject was held as a refusal to endorse the idea that the receivers have the power to adopt new schedules, and it was this apparent clash of judicial opinion that was creating discontent along the line, and making the situation almost threatening. After some desultory talk Judge Caldwell said to Gen. Thurston that the receivers had taken advantage of the men behind their backs.

"Go back to Omaha and revoke that order," the judge said. "Then I will take your case. Prepare and advertise your schedule and give the men notice, and I think that 60 days might not be unreasonable. I will come to Omaha and hold the conference with your receivers and the representatives of the labor societies, and we will see if we cannot agree upon a schedule that will be just to the employes and will be such as the receivers can afford to pay."

Mr. Thurston called the attention of Judge Caldwell to the contradictory orders issued by Judge Dundy and Judge Hallett as to the traffic contract between the Union Pacific and the Gulf branch of the system.

Judge Dundy had determined the receivers to disregard that contract, and Judge Hallett said that it must be respected. This contract obligated the Union Pacific to "put up" for the bonded indebtedness of the Gulf branch to nearly a million a year, and the receivers thought prudent business management required that they be relieved of that drain. As matters now stood the receivers stood a certainty of being in contempt in one jurisdiction or the other. Judge Caldwell said he would consult with Judge Sanborn as to whether they had jurisdiction and reply later.

WISCONSIN A. P. A.'S

Elected Officers for the State Capital Council.

Milwaukee, Feb. 17.—The Wisconsin division of the American Protective association elected officers. D. E. Cheney, of West Superior, being chosen president.

The platform declares that no man shall be opposed on account of his religious views or relation to any denomination so long as he does not make such relation a factor in politics; it pledges the members to preserve the constitutional liberities and rights of the people of the United States; accords to all the right of parental control in matters of education, but favors maintaining the principle of one general unsectarian free school organization; opposes any efforts to use public funds for any sectarian purpose; favors taxation of church property of all denominations; demands revision of immigration laws to protect American laborers against pauper labor of foreign lands, and favors an educational qualification to the elective franchise.

FOREIGN.

FOR THE THIRD TIME THIS YEAR PARIS SUFFERS.

Intense Excitement Prevails Over This Occurrence—Who Will Be Killed Next?

Paris, Feb. 20.—The city of Paris has been startled by another bomb explosion, and, following closely upon the outrage at the Hotel Terminus, this new evidence of anarchist activity causes considerable comment.

The details reported by the police up to the hour this dispatch is sent are as follows: A man of suspicious appearance recently hired a furnished room in a small tenement, or hotel of a modest description, situated at No. 69 Rue St. Jacques.

So far as can be ascertained the suspicious looking tenant disappeared on or about Monday, and as he did not return last night the wife of the proprietor of the hotel, Mme. Calabresi, knocked at the door and finally threatened to break down the door unless it was opened. Mme. Calabresi, however, delayed carrying out her intention to enter the apartment until 1:30 this morning, when she again tried to open the door, this time employing force.

While engaged in this task the landlady became aware that something had caught in the top of the door, and, upon closer examination, she found that it was, to all appearances, a bomb or an infernal machine.

Mme. Calabresi ran away from the door in alarm and called her husband who, after making an inspection of the supposed bomb, called a policeman who promptly but unwisely put his shoulder to the door and burst it open. This caused the bomb, shaped like a sardine box of the largest size, to fall to the floor, where it exploded, inflicting terrible injuries upon Mme. Calabresi, who was wounded in the abdomen, slightly wounding her husband, fracturing the leg of M. Ismael, a commission agent, who had been attracted to the scene by the arrival of the policeman, and also wounding his wife, who accompanied him.

So soon as the policeman recovered from the shock which he had sustained by the explosion, he sent for assistance, and Mme. Calabresi, her husband, M. and Mme. Ismael and others who were slightly wounded were taken to the Hotel Dieu, the famous hospital of Paris.

Later—In addition to those already reported wounded it is added that an uncle of Mme. Calabresi was wounded severely by a bullet from the bomb, which passed almost through his body. The police, as usual, are maintaining great secrecy. No. 69 Rue St. Jacques is this morning in the hands of the police, who are making thorough investigation.

According to one theory, the bomb was placed where it was found by an anarchist lodger, who had a personal grudge against M. and Mme. Calabresi, and who was aware that they would force open the door so soon as they became convinced that he had disappeared or that something was wrong inside the apartment.

The explosion caused great damage in the hotel, blowing out the window, crashing down the partitions and doing other injuries of a similar nature.

Another Bomb Discovered.

At 2 p. m. this afternoon there was a renewal of the excitement caused by the finding of another bomb. This time there was no explosion. The second bomb was found in the Hotel De L'Esperance, on the Rue Du Faubourg St. Martin. It was found at 11:30 a. m., and was similar in shape, and make to the one which exploded early this morning in the small hotel on the Rue St. Jacques. The bomb of the Hotel De L'Esperance was found in a manner similar to that which caused the discovery and explosion of the first one this morning. In this last case, however, the bomb did not explode, and upon being found, the authorities were sent for, and it was safely taken to the municipal labratory, where it will be examined.

The police are of the opinion that the bomb which exploded this morning in the Rue St. Jacques, and the bomb found later in the Hotel De L'Esperance, were placed there by the same person; but it is difficult to understand the motive of this person, if the police theory is correct, as both these hotels are small, tenement-like places frequented almost entirely by workmen, and it is not thought likely that the anarchists would attempt to injure this class of people.

THE FEELING IS INTENSE

Against the House of Lords Among Many Liberal Members.

London, Feb. 20.—In the House of Commons yesterday the secretary for Scotland, Sir George Trevelyn, in reply to a question, said that the amendments of the House of Lords had rendered the Scotch fisheries regulations bill useless, and the government would, therefore, abandon it. (Cheers.)

When the cheering had somewhat subsided Mr. Donald Macgregor, member for Invernshire, exclaimed:

"I want to ask the premier how long the government is going to tolerate——"

The speaker, the Right Hon. Arthur Wellesley, Peel, here sternly cried:

"Order! Order!"

The speaker's call to order caused Mr. Macgregor to subside upon his seat amid general laughter and without finishing what he evidently intended to be an attack upon the House of Lords.

YELLOW FEVER AT RIO.

The Deaths Average More Than Sixty a Day.

Rio de Janeiro, Feb. 20.—The deaths from yellow fever now average 60 daily.

The government dynamite cruiser Nictheroy, which was reported outside the harbor, sailed south Sunday night.

The United States cruiser Detroit has returned to the harbor.

The United States cruisers New York and Charleston are cruising outside of the harbor.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50 cent bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

HE CARRIED A BOMB,

And Now He Dwells Beyond the Blue.

London, Feb. 16.—A Frenchman, who is supposed to have been an anarchist, was blown almost to pieces last night in Greenwich park. Near by were found fragments of a bottle, which evidently contained explosive material. The park keeper heard the report of the explosion, which came from the direction of the observatory, and hastening thither he found a man kneeling on the floor, covered with blood.

His hand and wrist had been blown away, his face and body were covered with wounds, and there was a gaping wound in his abdomen, a portion of the intestines protruding. He was only able to say "Take me home." Where his home was it could not be learned from the papers in his possession, and he was therefore conveyed to the Seaman's hospital. He died half an hour after reaching there.

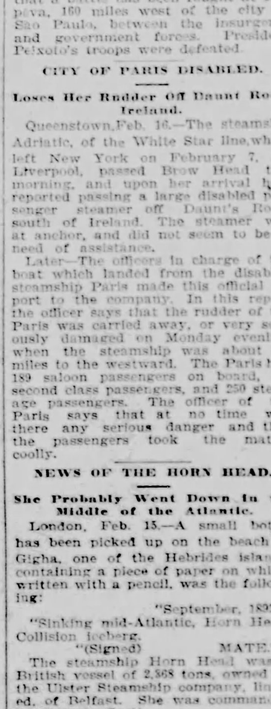
Later News.

Bourdin, the Frenchman supposed to have been an anarchist, who was blown almost to pieces in Greenwich park, through, it is believed stumbling and falling upon a bottle of explosive material which he carried in his pocket, is said to have come from Paris to London in 1888 and to have worked here with his brother, a small master tailor. Bourdin, according to the police, visited all the anarchist clubs of this city, and became imbued with their opinions and methods. In 1891 Bourdin is said to have gone to the United States and to have been employed by a ladies' tailoring establishment in Detroit, directed by a Hebrew named Weingard. According to the police, Bourdin, after leaving Detroit returned to Paris, and from there came to this city. He is said to have been a trusted organizer of the anarchists, and the police here expressed the opinion that Bourdin, when he met his death, was on his way through Greenwich park to the famous Greenwich observatory, with the intention of blowing up that institution.

KING LOBENGULA IS DEAD.

The Report of His Death Is Confirmed.

Cape Town, Feb. 16.—The death of



LOBENGULA.

King Lobengula is confirmed.

No particulars have reached here up to the time this dispatch is sent.

ADMIRAL MELLO AT RIO.

The Leader of the Brazilian Insurgents Arrives on the Republica.

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Rio de Janeiro, Feb. 20.—The Brazilian insurgent war ship Republica, having on board, according to a report, Admiral Mello and a strong reinforcement of troops for Admiral Da Gama, has arrived in port. It is reported ashore that the Nictheroy, which, as already cabled to the Associated Press, sailed for the South yesterday after a short stay in these waters, will be ordered back from Santos to this port.

When the Nictheroy left here it was believed that she had gone to Santos with the intention of meeting the Republica, which has been blockading that port for some time past.

Shortly after the arrival of the Republica, Admiral Da Gama was visited by an officer, believed to be Admiral De Mello, and a long consultation followed. It is believed that an insurgent vessel is to be sent in quest of the Nictheroy.

Rumors of a Battle.

London, Feb. 20.—A dispatch from Buenos Ayres, dated yesterday, says that a battle has been fought at Itapeva, 160 miles west of the city of Sao Paulo, between the insurgents and government forces. President Peixoto's troops were defeated.

CITY OF PARIS DISABLED.

Loses Her Rudder Off Daunt Rock, Ireland.

Queenstown, Feb. 16.—The steamship Adriatic, of the White Star line, which left New York on February 7, for Liverpool, passed Brow Head this morning, and upon her arrival here reported passing a large disabled passenger steamer off Daunt's Rock, south of Ireland. The steamer was at anchor, and did not seem to be in need of assistance.

Later—The officers in charge of the boat which landed from the disabled steamship Paris made this official report to the company. In this report the officer says that the rudder of the Paris was carried away, or very seriously damaged on Monday evening, when the steamship was about 800 miles to the westward. The Paris had 189 saloon passengers on board, 116 second class passengers, and 250 steerage passengers. The officer of the Paris says that at no time was there any serious danger and that the passengers took the matter coolly.

NEWS OF THE HORN HEAD.

She Probably Went Down in the Middle of the Atlantic.

London, Feb. 15.—A small bottle has been picked up on the beach of Gigha, one of the Hebrides islands, containing a piece of paper on which, written with a pencil, was the following:

"September, 1893.

"Sinking mid-Atlantic, Horn Head. Collision iceberg.

"(Signed) MATE."

The steamship Horn Head was a British vessel of 2,368 tons, owned by the Ulster Steamship company, limited, of Belfast. She was commanded by Captain Scott.

She sailed from Baltimore on August 9, and Hampton Roads on August 20, for Dublin, and until to-day nothing was afterward heard of her.

CHINESE AND RUSSIA.

They Can't Quite Agree About the Pamirs.

St. Petersburg, Feb. 19.—The negotiations between China and Russia in regard to the Pamirs are meeting with serious obstacles. A satisfactory conclusion now seems improbable. The Chinese maintain that the Pamirs form part of their empire.

The Russians insist that the country has been theirs since 1875, owing to their conquest of Khokand. Russia, it will be remembered, declined the proposition of a joint negotiation on the Pamir question with Great Britain and China, preferring to deal with each of these powers separately.

EIGHT HUNDRED YEARS B. C.

Opening of an Old Etruscan Tomb—A Distinguished Party.

Rome, Feb. 16.—Baron Blanc, minister of foreign affairs, recently invited Mr. Potter, the American minister; M. Billot, the French ambassador; M. de Bildt, the minister of Sweden and Norway, and Prof. Helbig to go with him to witness the opening of an Etruscan tomb that was discovered some days ago at Terquinii. The ruins of that ancient city are located about a mile from Cornelo, province of Rome. The invitation was accepted, and the party went to the tomb and saw it opened. It was found to be filled with relics of the period 800 B. C.

A New Book for Blade Subscribers

THE "NASBY LETTERS"

Since the death of Mr. D. R. Locke, nine years ago, there has been a demand from all parts of the United States for a reprint of the "Nasby Letters," in book form, suitable for preservation. But few of those letters have ever been embodied in volumes, and those were the earlier numbers, written 25 or more years ago.

At a very great expense of time and money, we have collected all of the Nasby Letters ever written. This has been a huge task, as copies of these letters were never preserved except in files of the Toledo Blade, in whose columns they were published.

From them we have eliminated such letters as pertained to local or unimportant and forgotten topics—publishing, however, every number which is of interest to the general public. The entire collection makes one large volume of over 500 pages.

This volume therefore gives practically all of the "Nasby Letters" ever written and published in the Toledo Blade during the entire period from Mr. Locke's first connection with the paper until his death. It is set in plain, readable type, giving a large amount of matter on each page, and contains over 500 pages. There is matter enough in this book for a thousand pages, were it set in the ordinary type, like the "Nasby in Exile," but, owing to the immense amount in these letters, we have endeavored to make it very compact, and still have it in easily readable form.

As stated before, this is the first and only publication of the bulk of the Nasby Letters in book form. As this matter is all copyrighted, it never can be published by any one else.

Why This Book is Published.

Notwithstanding the enormous demand for this publication from all parts of the Union, from those who are not subscribers to the Weekly Blade as well as from those who are, we wish it distinctly understood that we are not publishing this book for sale or profit. We have determined never to sell a copy for cash, and never to any one, except in connection with the Weekly Blade.

The readers of the Toledo Blade are those who will best appreciate the volume, and we believe every one of them will want a copy. We are therefore determined to present one copy of this book to each and every subscriber to the Toledo Weekly Blade.

The Blade has a permanent subscription list far in excess of 100,000 copies. We estimate that there 125,000 people in the United States who are our regular subscribers year after year. We are quite sure that every one of these subscribers will want a copy of the "Nasby Letters." Then we estimate that 25,000 more will join The Blade's ranks for the purpose of obtaining a copy. Therefore We are making preparations to give away 150,000 copies.

Now, this book, if we were to retail it, could not be sold for less than one dollar, including payment of postage. The cost of setting in in type, making the stereotype plates, and otherwise getting it ready for the press, is quite a large sum; and we estimate that with one year from this announcement the entire cost of presenting these books to our subscribers will be, in cash, fully $100,000.

Few people can realize the magnitude of this task; and owing to the rapidity with which we shall have to mail the books to our subscribers, we shall be obliged to deviate somewhat from our usual plan of receiving orders.

Here is Our Plan of Distribution.

First—The book will be presented to YEARLY subscribers to the Toledo Weekly Blade only. Every subscriber, on renewing his subscription, who sends us ONE DOLLAR, will have his term of subscription extended ONE YEAR, and he will have a copy of the "Nasby Letters" sent him by mail, postage paid.

Unlike all our former premium offers in connection with the Weekly Blade, we do not wish our subscribers to remit a long time in advance of the expiration of their present subscriptions. We want to take care of each month by itself. For instance:

A few weeks previous to expiration each subscriber will receive a postal card, which card, if returned, with one dollar for their renewal, will be a due-bill for a free copy of the book, the Nasby Letters.

Owing to the large number of names whose terms will expire each month, we shall be unable to take care of any other orders excepting a renewal of the subscriptions expiring that month. Of course, new subscribers may come in at any time; but we prefer that those whose time expires in later months should hold back their orders for their proper month.

Then, again, it is very important that each subscriber shall take advantage of the due-bill sent, and send in his renewal at the proper time—not getting the idea that he can be taken care of later.

Those receiving the due-bill will be sent out during the month previous, and renewals and remittances may be sent any time after receiving the due-bill; but take care and do not wait until your subscription has expired, or until the month in which the expiration occurs has gone by. One month later we shall be unable to take care of that month's orders, without taking care of orders belonging to the previous month.

The "Nasby Letters."

Do not confuse this title with the book, "Nasby in Exile," which we have been giving to our subscribers for the past 15 months. "Nasby in Exile" is practically out of print.

The "Nasby Letters" is a NEW book, printed from our own plates, and we are offering it during 1894 to 15,000 persons only.

Subscribers whose time expires in any given month will send in their orders for renewals at least two weeks before their time is out and have their time extended at once on the Weekly Blade for one year. The books will be mailed just as soon as they are ready, and we shall take care to see that they are mailed in the same order as they are received.

Tell All Your Friends.

Will our subscribers please tell their friends of this offer? We feel quite certain that this announcement will obtain a large number of subscribers to the Weekly Blade from all parts of the country. Thousands of non-subscribers will willingly send $1 for The Blade a year, because they want the book. After reading The Blade a year they will become permanent subscribers. We ask as a favor that every present subscriber shall show this announcement to at least one friend or neighbor who does not take The Blade. Will you kindly do this much for us?

No matter when your subscription expires, you shall then have an opportunity to get one of these books. Therefore, wait until a week or two before your subscription expires, or until you receive a postal card due-bill. We shall try to take care of each month's orders in order, but it would be simply impossible to take care of orders from our subscribers at random. Therefore do not order until just before your time expires.

The remittance must always be one dollar. In fact current funds, for the Weekly Blade one year. Do not send checks on country banks, nor postage stamps. Remit by draft on New York, Chicago, or Toledo, money order, express order, or

WASHINGTON.

FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS.

Washington, Feb. 14.—The time of the House yesterday was taken up in discussing the Bland silver seigniorage bill. The principal speeches were by Judge Culberson, of Texas, for it, and Mr. Coombs, of New York, against it. No time for a vote was agreed upon. In the Senate, Mr. Gray, of Delaware, concluded his argument on the Hawaiian question. Debate was then continued on the bill to compel the Rock Island railroad to stop its trains at Enid and Round Pond, Oklahoma.

Washington, Feb. 15.—The time of the House yesterday was occupied in debating the Bland silver seigniorage coinage bill. No effort was made to fix a time for reaching a vote on the bill. In the Senate the bill to compel the Rock Island road to stop at certain stations in Oklahoma was debated all day. No other business of importance was transacted.

Washington, Feb. 16.—The Senate passed the Oklahoma town site bill yesterday afternoon, compelling the Rock Island road to stop at the prospective villages of Enid and Round Oak. The vote was 27 and 27, and the Vice President voted aye. The Senate in executive session then discussed the Peckham nomination for three hours, but did not reach a vote. All of the time of the House was occupied in discussing the Bland silver seigniorage bill.

Washington, Feb. 17.—The entire time of the Senate yesterday was occupied in executive session, discussing the nomination of Wheeler H. Peckham to be Justice of the Supreme court. A bout 4 o'clock a vote was reached. Peckham was rejected by a vote of 41 to 32. In the House Mr. Bland moved to close debate on the seigniorage bill at 3 o'clock. The opponents of the measure filibustered all day against it, and a quorum could not be secured. In the evening the House met to consider pension bills, but Mr. Kilgore blocked business by raising the point of no quorum.

Washington, Feb. 19.—It was evident after the first roll-call Saturday that it would be impossible to obtain a quorum to consider the Bland bill. No attempt to transact public business was made, and the House devoted its time to delivering eulogies on the late Gen. William Lilly, member-at-large from Pennsylvania.

The Senate was not in session.

Washington, Feb. 20.—Senator Edward D. White, of Louisiana, was nominated and confirmed as Associate Justice of the Supreme court, in the Senate, yesterday.

The filibuster over the silver bill in the House was continued until 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, when an adjournment was had, to give the Democrats an opportunity to consider the situation in caucus.

THE HAWAIIAN RESOLUTION

Reported Favorably by the Naval Affairs Committee.

Washington, Feb. 16.—At the opening of the session of the House this morning, Mr. Cummings, chairman of the committee on naval affairs presented as a juestion of privilege the report of his committee on Mr. Boutelle's resolution calling upon the secretary of the navy to inform the House by what authority instructions were issued placing the armed naval forces of the United States and the use of its ensign under the control of James H. Blount, and also furnish the House with copies of all orders, directions, instructions or official suggestions issued by him since March 4, 1893, concerning the movements of the naval forces at Hawaii.

He explained that the committee recommended the passage of the resolution amended so as to call for all

CONGRESSMAN BOUTELLE.

orders from March 4, 1892, instead of 1893. He yielded a moment to Mr. Boutelle, who urged the importance of the resolution which he said had already been delayed six weeks. The information called for by it, he thought, should have been before the House when the Hawaiian resolutions were being debated.

He did not suppose that answer would have any effect on that debate, and the delay in procuring the information requested by it, he presumed, subserved the same public policy which for days and weeks had kept Congress waiting for Dole's reply to Willis, which had at last reached the people this morning through the public press. Mr. Cummings then demanded the previous question, which was ordered, and the resolution as amended was adopted without division.

TURNED DOWN AGAIN.

Peckham is Vanquished by New York's Senior Senator.

THE DEAD.

WILLIAM B. HORNBLOWER.
WHEELER H. PECKHAM.

Washington, Feb. 17.—According to general expectation the Senate yesterday afternoon rejected the nomination of the Hon. Wheeler H. Peckham to be associate justice of the Supreme Court.

The vote was 32 to 41 as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Bale, Blackburn, Brice, Butler, Caffery, Dixon, Faulkner, George, Gray, Hale, Harris, Hunton, Kyle, Lindsay, McPherson, Martin, Mills, Mitchell (Ore.), Mitchell (Wis.), Palmer, Pasco, Pettigrew, Platt, Proctor, Ransom, Roach, Squire, Stockbridge, Turpie, Vilas, Voorhees and White, of Louisville—total 32.

Nays—Messrs. Aldrich, Allen, Allison, Berry, Call, Cameron, Carey, Chandler, Cockrell, Coke, Cullom, Daniel, Davis, Dolph, Frye, Gallinger, Gibson, Gorman, Hansbrough, Hawley, Higgins, Hill, Hoar, Irby, Jones (Ark.), Lodge, McLaurin, Manderson, Morrill, Murphy, Peffer, Perkins, Power, Pugh, Shoup, Stewart, Teller, Vest, Washburn, White (Cal.), and Wilson—total 41.

Paired for Peckham—Messrs. Camden, Gordon, McMillan, Smith, Morgan—5.

Paired against Peckham—Messrs. Dubois, Jones (Nevada), Quay, Vance and Wolcott—total 5.

Absent without pairs—Messrs. Colquitt and Sherman. Senator Colquitt released Senator Wilson, who voted against confirmation, and Senator Sherman released Senator Brice, who voted for confirmation.

Recapitulations: For confirmation—Democrats, 23; Republicans, 8; Populists, 1. Total 32.

Against confirmation—Democrats, 15; Republicans, 23; Populists, 3. Total 41.

Paired for confirmation—Democrats, 4; Republicans, 1.

Paired against confirmation—Democrats, 1; Republicans, 4. Total 5. Absent and unpaired—Democrats, 1; Republicans, 1. Total 2.

ARE MAKING EXPERIMENTS

With the New Disappearing Carriage for Siege Guns.

Washington, Feb. 15.—The army ordnance bureau is making experiments at the Sandy Hook proving grounds with a new disappearing carriage for siege guns. It is of the Baskazoff type and was recently purchased in Europe.

It broke down on its first trial, owing to some structural weakness, but it has been repaired and will be given a new and severe test. The action which returns the gun to its place after firing is secured by a line of springs.

Cash Balance in the Treasury.

Washington, Feb. 20.—The available cash balance in the treasury to-day is $139,192,349; national bank notes received for redemption, $227,805; government receipts: internal revenue, $144,668; customs, $439,686; miscellaneous, $22,320.

To Increase State Jurisdiction.

Washington, Feb. 14.—Representative De Armond has introduced a bill to give states jurisdiction over all corporations doing business in their borders.

A UNITED STATES SENATOR IS NAMED FOR SUPREME JUDGE

While He is Holding the Office of Senator—General Satisfaction at Mr. White's Appointment.

Washington, Feb. 20.—Occasion had never before risen for passing upon the fitness of a Senator for the office of supreme judge, but there had been many instances in which Senators had been appointed to other places, and it has become the custom, not unbroken, however, to confirm without reference to committee. It was believed on all hands that the precedent would be followed in this instance. Such proved to be the case. The Senate had been sitting behind closed doors less than half an hour when it became known that the motion to confirm without reference had carried without opposition.

The vote was unanimously and heartily in favor of confirmation.

While the Senate acted promptly and without hesitation upon the nomination, it was still a fact that it was a great surprise at the capitol.

The President sent for Senator White and his colleague, Senator Caffrey, Sunday night, and upon their arrival at the White House, made known the purpose of his invitation for a conference. Mr. White, while

SENATOR E. D. WHITE.

expressing a deep sense of obligation, was much surprised, and was doubtful as to whether he should accept.

He asked the President for time to consider, and although he and his colleague remained with the President until late at night, he left without giving his assent. This morning when he and Mr. Caffrey again called at the executive mansion, he was still unable to say positively that he preferred the office to that of Senator, and it was not until the last minute before his departure that he gave his assent.

The belief is strong in the Louisiana delegation in Congress that Representative Blanchard will be appointed by Governor Foster as Senator to fill the unexpired term of Senator White.

Edward Douglass White will take his seat on the supreme bench as the youngest of the justices, and will have the exceptionally long term of 21 years to serve before retirement. He was born in the parish of La Fourcas, Louisiana, and was 48 years of age last November.

He was educated at Mount St. Mary's, near Emmettsburg, Md., at the Jesuit college in New Orleans, and finally at Georgetown college, District of Columbia.

The new justice is a bachelor at present, but there is a well-defined rumor afloat that before the year expires he will espouse a well-known society woman who has been a brilliant figure in Washington.

HE IS A JESUIT.

Senator White the Second Roman Catholic Appointed a Justice.

Washington, Feb. 20.—Senator White is a Roman Catholic, and it is said that he is the second Catholic to be appointed to the Supreme court. He was educated at Mount St. Mary's college, and took a post graduate course at the Georgetown college, Washington. In naming him the President has pleased the Catholics throughout the country, and he is said to believe there are some advantages in that. Justice White is a Jesuit as well. He is said to be a man above prejudice, and he would not permit his religious belief to interfere with his course as a justice any more than any other justice would.

MRS. HARRISON'S PORTRAIT

Will Be Hung in the Executive Mansion.

Washington, Feb. 19.—To the interesting collection of portraits which hang on the walls of rooms of state in the White House will be added this week a fine picture of the late Mrs. Benjamin Harrison. The donors are the members of the Patriotic Order, Daughters of the American Revolution, who will meet here for their third annual congress the last three days of the week, assembling on Washington's birthday.

President Cleveland has written to the society signifying his willingness to accept the portrait. It was painted by Huntington, of New York, is five feet by seven, and is regarded by critics as an exceptionally fine work. It represents Mrs. Harrison at the age of 30 years, attired in a brocaded gown of cerulean blue, with train held in the left hand.

The congress of the society will be called to order Thursday, February 22, by the president-general, Mrs. Vice President Stevenson, who will deliver an address of welcome. The response will be made by Mrs. James Peck, state regent of Wisconsin.

At the evening session, the portrait of Mrs. Harrison will be unveiled with appropriate ceremonies. Including music by the National Marine band, and the singing of an original hymn, "Our Western Land."

KILGORE MAKING TROUBLE.

He Will Block All Private Pension Legislation.

Washington, Feb. 19.—Congressmen with private pension bills to push will find it up-hill work in this Congress. There is a rule setting apart Friday nights for the consideration of these bills, but last Friday night only half a hundred members were present, and Representative Kilgore, of Texas, raised the point of no quorum, and all legislation was blocked.

When Mr. Kilgore was questioned regarding his intentions to-day he replied: "I am afraid there will have to be a quorum to pass pension bills. On general principles I do not think any public business had better be transacted without a majority of members, certainly not by a handful of members. This rule for night sessions seems to have been intended to provide an easy passage for private bills. I do not believe in most of these private bills any way, particularly with a depleted treasury.

Most pensions which are deserved can be secured through the pension office. Others which are of sufficient importance to come before Congress are important enough to be considered by a majority of the members. The committee on private pensions has been very conservative in this session, recommending but a few cases for action, most of them relatives of veterans of the revolution and war of 1812, or Mexican war veterans.

The commissioner of the general land office has been directed to demand of the California and Oregon Land company a reconveyance of various tracts of land on its route for which patents were erroneously issued.

RHEUMATIC

Sciatic, sharp and shooting pains, strains and weaknesses relieved in one minute by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. It instantly relieves weak, painful kidneys, back ache, uterine pains and weaknesses, coughs, colds and chest pains. It *vitalizes* the nervous forces, and hence cures nervous pains and muscular weakness when all others fail.

Price, 25c.; five, $1.00. At all druggists or by mail. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston

SUGAR AND WOOL DOOMED.

The Senate Finance Committee Will Make No Change.

Washington, Feb. 14.—The members of the Senate finance sub-committee on tariff devoted all the time yesterday to work on the Wilson bill and made substantial progress in the consideration of minor items. They, however, gave comparatively little attention to the more important questions which have from the first been a stumbling block.

There will probably be no alteration of the tobacco tax, as the committee seem inclined to think that the tax of 6 cents per pound is as high as should be imposed unless it be found necessary to increase it for revenue purposes. There has been quite a radical change in sentiment about the sugar duty since last week, when it looked as if it were almost certain that the sub-committee would recommend a duty of at least a cent a pound upon that article.

The committee has not as yet definitely decided upon the subject, but it looks now very much as if sugar would be allowed to remain where it is on the free list. The decision upon the income tax will have an important bearing upon the sugar question, as it is not believed that both the Income tax and the sugar duty will be necessary to supply the requisite revenue, in view of other changes contemplated.

It is now even more certain that the income tax will be retained than that sugar will not be intereferd with, and if it should not be stricken out, the recommendation of the sub-committee will be favorable to free sugar, dependent upon one other contingency. This contingency is the possibility of not being able to pass the bill unless something is done for sugar.

This question is giving the committee more concern than any other in connection with the sugar schedule, but they appear now to be inclined to take the chance on the loss of some Democratic votes, with the hope of getting Republican votes, if they should be necessary, to pass the bill without a sugar tax.

THE BILL NOT READY.

Tariff Sub-Committee Asks for More Time.

Washington, Feb. 19.—The Democratic members of the Senate committee on finance have decided that they will not be able to report the tariff bill to the full committee on Tuesday next, as they had announced they would be, and one of the members of the sub-committee which has had the bill under consideration said to-day that he would not attempt to say when the bill would be reported. "I shall be very well satisfied," he said, "if the bill is in shape to be reported by the beginning of next week."

The reason for the postponement is discovered in the fact that the work of satisfying Democratic Senators has been found a very difficult one, and the construction of a bill that is sure to be accepted by the Senate an undertaking requiring many changes of purpose and alterations of the figures first made.

When the sub-committee began their work they had before them the draft of a bill upon which it was believed it would be an easy matter to secure agreement, but this bill has been changed in some respects several times, and has become so worn from handling and erasures that it has been necessary to destroy the original copy and replace it with a new one.

There is still much demand for concessions on the part of Senators on minor items, and many of the most important features in the bill are entirely unacted upon. Sugar is included in this list, and it looks as if its fate would be about the last question to be determined by the sub-committee.

FOR THE FIRST TIME.

Vice-President Stevenson Had a Chance to Vote in the Senate.

Washington, Feb. 16.—Vice-President Stevenson's vote passed the Oklahoma Town Site bill yesterday. The vote was a tie, and in accordance with his prerogative, the presiding officer settled it. This measure has been under discussion in the Senate nearly a week, and has been one of the most hotly contested bills of the session.

The railroad company, according to the advocates of the bill, secured control from the Indians in advance of the opening of the territory of two town sites adjacent to those of Enid and Round Pond, regularly established by the Interior department, and the trains of the Rock Island road have refused to stop at Enid and Round Pond, and compelled settlers to come two or three miles down the line of the road in order to receive their freight or transact any business involving railroad transportation.

As Enid and Round Pond are alleged each to have a population of 2,000 inhabitants or more, the remonstrance against the railroad compan's actions has been so strong that it has found its way to Congress. The measure on the final vote stood 27 to 27, and the Vice-President promptly exercised his prerogative by casting the deciding vote in favor of the bill. The Senate amended the measure, however, and it must go back to the House for the concurrence of that body.

A DAISY DEMOCRATIC PLAN

To Make the Republican Congressmen Vote.

Washington, Feb. 15.—The Democratic leaders of the House have been considerably exercised of late over the disposition manifested by the Republicans to force them to produce a quorum upon all important propositions committed to the House. They believe the Republicans under the leadership of Mr. Reed are trying to compel them to adopt the expedient resorted to in the fifty-first Congress of counting a quorum.

Journal Clerk Crutchfield, however, has formulated a rule which will in his opinion, accomplish the same end in a different way and the question of adopting it as an amendment to the rules is now under consideration.

The rule which he proposes is as follows:

"Whenever upon a roll call a quorum fails to appear, upon the demand of any member, the clerk shall certify a list of the members not voting on such call to the sergeant-at-arms, who shall deduct from the monthly compensation of each member so failing to vote the amount of his salary for one day; provided that this deduction shall not be made in the case of a member who is absent by leave of the House."

GOLD IN THE TREASURY.

Statement of the Amount in the United States Vault.

Washington, Feb. 19.—A statement has been prepared at the Treasury department showing the amount of deposits of gold and gold certificates at the several subtreasuries between the 1st and 13th of the present month, on account of the new 1894 five per cent loans. These amounts are stated as follows (cents omitted):

	Gold coin.	Gold cert's
New York	$46,386,458	$3,877,958
Philadelphia	555,682	11,050
Boston	4,060,733	30,000
Baltimore	207,289	37,510
Cincinnati	364,403	145,000
Chicago	303,965	14,350
St. Louis	20,165	109,325
San Francisco	117,291	.....
Washington	2,846	.....
Total	$52,018,925	$4,225,693
Grand total	$56,244,618.	

CUCKOOS IN THE HOUSE.

Won't Try to Override the Royal Veto of the Bridge Bill.

Washington, Feb. 15.—During the call of committees for reports this morning, Mr. Wise (Va.) from the committee on interstate and foreign commerce, reported back the New York & New Jersey bridge bill and accompanying veto of the President, with the recommendation that the bill do not pass over the veto.

M'LAURIN SWORN IN.

Walthall's Successor Appears in the Senate.

Washington, Feb. 15.—When the Senate met to-day Senator George presented the credentials of Senator-elect McLaurin, of Mississippi, and the oath of office was administered to the new Senator.

MR. WILLIS DENIES A FEW OF DOLE'S STATEMENTS.

"America Our Goal!" Was the Sentiment Inscribed on the Banners During the Celebration.

Washington, Feb. 19.—The President to-day transmitted to Congress another chapter in the volume of Hawaiian correspondence including the dispatches which arrived from Hawaii at San Francisco February 10, and reached the State department last Saturday morning.

The following is the correspondence in detail, save those portions already printed:

Mr. Willis to Mr. Gresham.

Sir:—The first anniversary of the Provisional government was celebrated last Wednesday, January 17, in accordance with the programme set forth in dispatch No. 28, of January 16, by public reception, military parade, illuminations of executive building and a mass meeting at night. None of the foreign representatives participated in the observance of the day. No salutes were fired from the American, English or Japanese war vessels in port. The day passed with no disturbance.

The representatives of foreign governments acted upon the instructions of their own governments, and upon tehir own responsibility, with the distinct disavowal on the part of the representative of the United States that its action was neither intended or desired to control theirs. Frequent editorials, similar in character to those enclosed, many of them severely reflecting upon the President of the United States and his secretary of State and also upon Mr. Blount, have appeared in the daily press. As the Hawaiian question is now pending before Congress and as the feeling here has been very intense, I have not thought proper thus far to take any official notice of them. I would be glad to have instructions from you upon the subject. Very respectfully,

ALBERT S. WILLIS,
E. E. and M. P.

The Big Celebration.

The enclosures relative to the celebration have been fairly anticipated in the Associated Press dispatches from San Francisco, and from additional details furnished it appears that there are ample grounds for the ministers' complaint that the Hawaiians have been indulging in severe criticisms upon the minister and his government. The reports of the speeches made show that every where they abounded in talk of annexation, which they confidently expect is to be the outcome of the present conditions.

For instance J. D. Castle, in his speech, said: "We wish no permanent government, nor anything else which does not lead to annexation—to change which does not make for that; no republic but the great republic."

And President Hosmer said: "Annexation is manifest destiny and we are bound to have it."

Even the Portuguese contingent have banners with the motto: "America is our goal."

The second letter in the correspondence is dated January 19 and is merely a letter from Mr. Willis to Secretary Gresham, transmitting President Dole's letter and his reply, without further comment than that it will on my part end correspondence on the subject.

The Dole letter (in regard to Mr. Willis's attitude showing the intention to use force) has already been published. Mr. Willis's reply to it bears date of January 19 and in part is as follows:

Willis to Dole.

"Hon. Sanford B. Dole, Minister of Foreign Affairs:—The only question of practical importance arising out of the present correspondence, was whether the United States vessels were, at the time our letter was written, objectionable to your government."

Denies Everything.

Mr. Willis proceeds to a denial of the allegations made by President Dole. He says he (Willis) has not been unfriendly, and says that the Japanese consul and others wanted the troops to prevent mob violence. Willis, says he, announced that the United States troops would prevent mob violence and for this he was thanked. Willis then takes up President Dole's letter of recent date and says that under our constitution, as you are well aware, Congress alone has the power to declare war. As the President distinctly announced that he would only act "within the constitutional limits of executive power" he precluded the idea of using force, and affirmed his declaration of November 1, delivered through Secretary Gresham, not "to do anything which would cause injury to life or property of any one at the islands."

Touching the statement in paragraph 22 that your government was refused permission to forward "Hawaiian government dispatches" by the dispatch boat Corwin, it is only necessary to remind you that the naval officers of the United States and the public generally were denied such privilege, and that no inference of unfriendliness should be drawn. Moreover, at the time your letter was written, you were aware of the fact that for the accommodation of your government the Corwin had been delayed over half a week.

As to the requests referred to in paragraph 23, of the British minister and Japanese consul general, for permission to land troops, they were, I am informed, precautionary measures against possible mob violence. This permission is still outstanding, and is not now and was not then in my judgment, proper evidence of a hostile purpose on the part of our government.

"Your paragraph 28 states: During your nearly two months residence in this city you and your family have declined the customary social courtesies usually extended to those occupying your official position on the specified ground that it was not deemed best under existing circumstances to accept such civilities.

"In reply permit me to say that the course of conduct referred to was prompted by the friendliest motive had no official significance was adopted, not towards the provisional government alone, and was intended to leave all persons after the disclosure of the views of my government free and unembarrassed, to determine for themselves, the relations they desired to hold to me and to my family."

WILL MAKE NO CHANGE.

The Present Immigration Laws Will be Given a Chance.

Washington, Feb. 15.—There is little probability of national change in the immigration laws at the present session of Congress, owing to the policy of the Hose committee on immigration toward resisting changes in order that the present system may be fully tested. Mr. Geisenhimer, of New Jersey, chairman of the Hose committee, said on this subject:

"The present immigration laws should be given a full and fair trial before we begin patching them. They are working most satisfactorily, and are accomplishing the desirable end of keeping out undesirable immigrants and increasing the number of desirable immigrants. This was exactly the end we sought to attain by the immigration law, and it is desirable to let well enough alone."

ARE COMPLETELY AT AN END.

All Attempts to Restore Queen Lil, Says Senator Gray.

Washington, Feb. 14.—Senator Gray concluded his defense of the administration's Hawaiian policy in the Senate yesterday. The full significance of the present Hawaiian situation came out at the close of the senator's speech when in a colloquy with Senator Teller he admitted that as a member of the foreign relations committee he understood the efforts of the President, moral, or diplomatic, to restore the queen were at an end and that the present minister of Hawaii had no directions to pursue further diplomatic negotiations to that end.

The House bill to compel the Rock Island railroad to stop its trains at Enid and Round Pond, Oklahoma, was called up by Senator Berry and discussed for two hours, but no result was reached.

Secretary Hoke Smith has decided that Probate judges are not authorized to make town site entries in the Cherokee outlet. He holds that all of these entries can be disposed of only by town site boards, as provided in the act of May 14, 1890.

WHAT IS ECZEMA?

It is an agony of agonies.
A torture of tortures.
It is an itching and burning of the skin almost beyond endurance.
It is thousands of pin-headed vesicles filled with an acrid fluid, ever forming, ever bursting, ever flowing upon the raw excoriated skin.
No part of the human skin is exempt.
It tortures, disfigures, humiliates more than all other skin diseases.
Tender babies are among its most numerous victims.
They are often born with it.
Sleep and rest are out of the question.
Most remedies and the best physicians generally fail; even to relieve.
If CUTICURA did no more than cure Eczema, it would be entitled to the gratitude of mankind.
It not only cures but
A single application is often sufficient to afford instant relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy cure.
CUTICURA works wonders because it is the most wonderful skin cure of modern times.

Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston. "All about the Skin, Scalp, and Blood," free.

From the Moment of Birth

Use CUTICURA SOAP

It is not only the purest, sweetest, and most refreshing of nursery soaps, but it contains delicate emollient properties which purify and beautify the skin, and prevent skin blemishes occasioned by imperfect cleansing and impure soap.

JOSEPH KEPPLER IS DEAD.

The Great Caricaturist of Puck Passes Away.

New York, Feb. 20.—Joseph Keppler, the caricaturist, the editor and part proprietor of Puck, died last night of heart failure at his residence, No. 27 East Seventy-ninth street, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. Three children survive. They are W. J. Keppler, who will probably succeed to his father's position on Puck, and Irma and Olga, daughters.

Joseph Keppler was born in Vienna, where his father was a fancy baker, and it was in ornamenting wedding and birthday cakes for his father's store that the boy first showed his remarkable artistic

JOSEPH KEPPLER.

talents. He was sent to an art school and developed very rapidly. His first public efforts were in the pages of humorous journals of Vienna.

Later he tried his talents as a comic actor. Next he essayed to be a doctor, and giving that up returned to the stage, where he made a failure of it. His final and successful venture was in establishing Puck.

THE PENNSYLVANIA ELECTION.

Only a Light Vote is Being Cast for Congressman at Large.

Philadelphia, Feb. 20.—Although the weather to-day is clear and pleasant, only a light vote had been cast in this city up to 3 p. m. for a Congressman-at-large to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Gen. Wm. Lilly.

Reports received at Democratic headquarters indicate that the party vote is coming out. At Republican headquarters very little information has been received. The Republican candidate is the venerable ex-Speaker Galusha A. Grow, his Democratic competitor being James Denton Hancock. Victor Lotiar is the People's party candidate, and Henry F. Morrow represents the Prohibitionists.

State Chairman Gilkeson says he will be satisfied with 100,000 Republican plurality, which is 35,000 less than the plurality of last fall. J. Marshall Wright, chairman of the Democratic state committee, expects to keep the Republican majority below 75,000.

HON. J. STERLING MORTON

Hanged in Effigy by His Nebraska Neighbors.

Nebraska City, Feb. 19.—Early Saturday morning effigies were found hanging at a prominent place in this city of Hon. J. Sterling Morton, secretary of Agriculture, and his son, Carl Morton, bearing this inscription: "Compliments of the Democratic Marching Club." It is not known who did the work.

The deed is the culmination of anger on the part of many prominent Democrats here on account of the Nebraska appointments made by Secretary Morton, whose home is here, and particularly the appointment of William Pflaeging to a lucrative position in the packing house here. Pflaeging is president of the Republican club here, and was given the place over a hard-working, honorable Democrat, who was endorsed by all the leading Democrats here.

'TIS AN ILL WIND, ETC.

The Blizzard Will Increase the Kansas Wheat Crop.

St. Louis, Feb. 19.—A special to the Republic from Topeka, Kas., says: The grain men all say that the recent heavy snow will make a wheat crop of 100,000,000 bushels in Kansas. Despite the low price of wheat and the dry weather last fall, the area seeded was over 4,500,000 acres, according to the latest report of the state board of agriculture.

That is a greater area than produced the phenomenal crop of 1892. The area that year was 4,300,000 acres. The official crop estimate was 72,500,000 bushels, but many of the best grain shippers in Kansas do not hesitate to declare that the state produced 100,000,000 bushels that year. Much of that crop is still coming to market.

FOR THE FOURTH TIME

Incendiaries Set Fire to World's Fair Buildings.

Chicago, Feb. 19.—Jackson Park incendiaries deserted the group of big World's Fair structures yesterday and attacked the Illinois building. The fire-boat and the engines kept in the park were too close to the crumbling palaces around the grand basin to give a fire much of a chance, so the incendiaries moved north and dropped their matches in a section where railroad tracks and deep snow might impede the engines.

This, the fourth dangerous incendiary fire since the Fair closed, was in the east wing of the Illinois State building. The fire was put out after a few minutes. The damage amounts to about $1,000.

ATTORNEYS IN DANVILLE.

They Will Take Further Evidence in the Breckenridge-Pollard Case.

Danville, Ky., Feb. 19.—Attorneys for both sides in the Pollard-Breckenridge case, arrived here at noon, to take depositions of witnesses summoned by the defense.

Strict secrecy has been observed regarding the developments expected, and as the examination is to be done in private, it will be difficult to get particulars before evening. Doctor Lewis, residing near this city, it is understood, will testify to having been asked to perform a criminal operation upon the plaintiff ten years ago.

JOHN Y. MCKANE'S SENTENCE.

Intense Excitement Felt in Brooklyn Over the Sentence.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 19.—"How long will he get?" was the question which one heard everywhere in Brooklyn this morning. On the elevated railroads, on the street cars and on the sidewalks, wherever three or three men could be seen together, it is safe to say they were talking about the McKane case. At the court-house, crowds of anxious men besieged the doors, and the policemen had a herculean task in keeping them from breaking down the doors in their anxiety to get into a good position, where they could hear and see everything which took place.

At 10:16 Judge Bartlett took his seat on the bench.

Mr. E. C. James then stood up and said: "Your honor, I appear for the defendant, Mr. John Y. McKane. I move for a new trial under Section 465, Code of Criminal Procedure, subdivisions 5 and 6."

Judge Bartlett denied the motion.

Mr. James then asked for an arrest of judgment, on the grounds that that the facts as stated in the indictment do not constitute a crime.

This was also denied.

Then Mr. James asked the court to take into consideration that the defendant had never been convicted of any felony, and that his previous good character be taken into consideration.

Judge Bartlett said he did not see any circumstances which would warrant such discretion.

Mr. James then asked for a stay of execution of judgment for twenty days, to enable the defendant to move on a notice for certificate of reasonable doubt.

Mr. Sheppard said that it would be better for defendan's counsel to wait until sentence was pronounced before making this application. Mr. Sheppard moved for sentence to be passed.

McKane, when asked what he had to say, said: "I do not know that I can say anything but what I said on the stand during this trial. I have never done anything wrong to any one that I know. I never did anything directly or indirectly wrong. With regard to the election I, nor did I ever counsel anyone else to do anything wrong. I again say that I am not guilty of any offense against the law."

Judge Bartlett then proceeded to pass sentence, and said:

"I do not feel inclined to disregard the recommendation to mercy made by the jury. The crime which the defendant committed was a serious one. That great crime seems to be one that demands an emphatic sentence. The penalty should be so severe as to express due condemnation, while not so severe as to excite sympathy. The sentence of the court is that the defendant be imprisoned in Sing Sing state prison for six years."

Money, Crops, Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

The surplus reserves of the New York banks on Saturday were down to $74,636,825. The full effect on the reserve of the bond purchases has now been felt, and it is believed an increase will set in, as there still appears to be a drift of idle money into the metropolis from the interior of the country. Indeed, this can be confidently expected to continue, after the record-breaking the markets of the country experienced last week. In wheat, in silver, in some forms of iron and steel, in Connellsville coke, and in well-known cotton and woolen goods, the lowest prices ever known were made. The great fall in wheat had a perceptible influence upon the tone of business generally, and there was less confidence in Wall street, less improvement in manufactures, and a greater decrease in the volume of payments through clearing-houses, which were 25.4 per cent less than a year ago in that city, notwithstanding unusual transactions in grain. While no action especially affecting business prospects was taken at Washington, the continued discussion of revenue and monetary measures, and the uncertainty regarding them, have a constant unfavorable influence, and in different markets have caused sudden fluctuations in prices.

Money on call was in abundant supply, rates averaging not over 1 per cent for the week. Time money was offered in liberal quantities, without very much change in the demand, which has not been heavy for some time. Rates were 2 per cent for 30 to 60 days, 2 1-2 for 90 days to four months, 3 1-2 for five to six months.

The stock market, under the conditions outlined above, was necessarily one of manipulation by speculators. The prices responded to every influence—the tendency of legislation, rumors from Washington, reports of dividends, and so on—each movement being followed, of course, by a corresponding reaction in the other direction. As to the outlook, Henry Clews says in his circular of Saturday:

Values are anchored to two fixed ideas—that prices are low and safe at current quotations, and that the country has lost none of its vigor and recuperative power. On these points there are no misgivings, and the only open questions are as to when these forces tending to recovery will assert themselves, and in what direction their effects may be expected to appear.

Exports of gold from New York for the week ending Saturday were $327,900, all to Havana and the West Indies. Of silver, $1,878,087, all to London. Since January 1—Gold, $2,962,258; silver, $6,915,717, against $20,816,567 gold and $3,913,252 silver for the same period in 1893. Imports of gold were $937,093, of silver $75,553, from the West Indies and Europe. Since January 1—Gold, $1,649,018; silver, $194,587, against $133,757 gold and $447,975 silver for the same time last year.

The most important fact in regard to the silver question was the formal reply of Sir William Harcourt, chancellor of the exchequer, in answer to inquiries, to the effect that there is no intention of re-opening the Indian mints or of returning to the minimum rate for Council bills. There was also, he added, no intention of placing an import tax on silver, and, in a word, no change in the present Indian policy was contemplated. This was followed by the acceptance of tenders for 3,600,000 rupees at 13 3-4d. per rupee, the lowest price yet on record. These developments, indicating that the Indian government is determined that there shall be no relaxation in its programme, have naturally resulted in a continuance of the downward progress of silver prices. The belief is indeed expressed that ultimately India exchange and rupee paper will assume a steadier position, but for the time being the tendency of silver appears to be toward a somewhat lower level. Bar silver closed in New York on Saturday at 64 -2 cents per ounce.

THE DOMESTIC EXPORTS.

Interesting Treasury Statement of the Same.

Washington, Feb. 15.—The monthly treasury statement of domestic exports shows that the total breadstuffs exportations during the month of January, 1894, was $13,334,708, against $13,925,161 during January, 1893. The exportations during the seven months ended January 31, 1894, aggregated $108,927,568, against $122,668,880 during the same period of last year; exportations of provisions for January, 1894, $4,048,143, against $3,289,234 during January, 1893.

During the seven months ended January 31, 1894, $22,182,223, against $20,635,919 during the same period of 1893; mineral oil exports for January, 1894, $2,413,991, against $2,788,474 for January, 1893; for seven months ended January 31,1894, $17,889,443, against $24,931,506 during the same period of last year; cotton exports during January, 1894, $29,403,611, against $19,696,201 for the same month in 1893; for five months ended January 31, 1894, $143,548,727, against $120,541,912 for the same period last year.

OUR FLOUR IN AFRICA.

Interesting Report From Consul Jewett at Sierra Leone.

Washington, Feb. 19.—In a report received at the State Department from United States Consul Jewett, at Sierra Leone, Africa, on the subject of American flour consumption there, the consul says that while the standard of living is not high, the use of American flour is extending, as shown by the fact that the imports increased from 6,500 barrels in 1891 to 11,500 in 1893.

He sees no obstacles to the extension of the trade, and thinks the prospect is good for a large business, as all of the flour imported is American and the best grades are preferred.

The United States consul at Sivas, Turkey, treating the same subject, holds out no hope of present or future business, as the people are wretchedly poor and ignorant and prefer their own coarse half crushed meals. The transportation difficulties also constitute a formidable obstacle to trade, and there are no goods to offer in exchange.

ABOUT AUSTRALIAN BEEF.

Shipped All the Way to Austria to Compete With the Home-Grown.

Washington, Feb. 17.—Notwithstanding the enormous distance between Austria and Australia, and the difficulties of transportation of water and rail, it appears that it is not only practicable but profitable to ship frozen beef from Australia, to compete in the markets of Vienna with native beef.

Max Judd, the United States consul at Vienna, records the arrival there of a lot of beef amounting to 5,000 kilos, which sold at from 50 to 60 kreutzers per kilo. The charges, aside from transportation expenses, were a duty of 7.25 florins per 100 kilos, an eatable tax of 3.25 florins and 3 per cent commission. This leads the consul to ask why, if Australian meat can be sold in Vienna at a profit, Americans should not be able to open up a market for their products.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Toledo, O., Feb. 20, 1894.

The following shows changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Feb. 20	Feb. 18
U. S. 4s coupons	117¼	.....
U. S. 4s coupons	113¾	113½
U. S. 4s registered	113¾	113½
U. S. 2s registered	96	95
Pacific 6s of 1895	102	102

Condition of the Grain Market at the Close To-Day.

As compared with yesterday cash wheat is up 2c, May 1c and July 1 3-8c. The market was active. It opened a little above the preceding day and after frequent fluctuations within small limits firmed up, and toward the close there was a sharp upward turn. The shorts were ready buyers of May.

No. 2 soft red wheat, 55 1-4c, and finally 57 1-4c; No. 3 soft red, 55 1-2c; No. 3, May, 57c; No. 2 August, 54 1-2c.

May wheat 58 3-8c, and to close, 60 1-8c; July, 60 1-2c, then 61 7-8c.

Prices of wheat to-day:

Feb.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close
Toledo	.....	.....	.....	57¼
Chicago	55⅝	57¼	55⅝	57⅝
St. Louis	55¾	56¾	55¾	56¾
May—				
Toledo	58